PEACE CORPS Volunteer

MAY, 1964
VOL. 2, NO. 7
Washington, D.C. 20525

USA - School Partnership Program

Self-Help Plan Aims to Build 3000 Schools

The Peace Corps is establishing an international self-help program to build 3000 schools around the world in the coming three years. The School-to-School program will work with existing educational and civic organizations.

A U.S. school desiring to participate by sponsoring the building of a school overseas must raise $1000 to buy construction materials. Citizens of the host country, working with Peace Corps Volunteers, perform the actual construction.

In announcing the program, Director Sargent Shriver called School-to-School a program uniquely suited to the Peace Corps idea of self-help.

"From beginning to end, there will be no paid labor," Shriver said. "This program could be a major breakthrough in solving the lack of classrooms in developing countries."

A pilot project is in its final stages in Colombia, which is reported to have a shortage of 40,000 classrooms. There, in the town of Casa Blanca, a small schoolhouse is nearing completion. Money for it came largely from the Rosendale Elementary School Parent-Teacher Assn. of Schenectady, N.Y.

The school, for both boys and girls, will be the first in the area to accommodate students through the fourth grade.

"School-to-School will have a dual effect," Shriver said. "It will, of course, give the host country needed classrooms. But it will also give the children of this country a chance to become better acquainted with the people of the world in which they will live as adults."

Miss Laura Enders, principal of Rosendale School, reports that her students already are showing an increased awareness of world news.

"We are finding the project filled with possibilities for arousing interest in letter-writing, penmanship, and geography," Miss Enders said. "This is one of the few projects undertaken by a PTA which directly involved the children. They are truly proud of it."

Rosendale has received letters of appreciation from students in Colombia,

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Volunteer Beth Ussher (Santa Barbara, Cal.), assigned to a La Paz health project, took time for hair-cutting on a recent visit to a Bolivian Altiplano village; she is a zoology graduate of Wells College, Aurora, N.Y., studied physical therapy at Stanford, and has a master's degree in public health from North Carolina.

Shriver and Aides Visit Bonn to Help German Voluntary-Service Organization

Director Sargent Shriver and other Peace Corps officials travelled to Germany in April to assist the Bonn government in establishing its own overseas voluntary-service organization.

The German Development Service plans to have its first volunteers in Tanganyika by late August, following a training program.

Shriver was accompanied by Joseph Colmen, Deputy Associate Director of Planning, Evaluation, and Research; William Craig, Director of Training; Nathaniel Davis, Deputy Associate Director of Program Development and Operations; Norman Parmer, Director of the Division of University, Private, and International Co-operation; Raymond Parrott, Assistant Director for National Voluntary Service Programs; and James Walls, information officer.

The trip to Germany came as a result of President Johnson's meeting with German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard last December in Texas. The President pledged assistance to the German volunteer program. Shriver and the other Peace Corps officers were to help German officials develop selection, training, and programming procedures.

Shriver met with Chancellor Erhard during the visit, and also addressed an assembly of Bonn University students, in addition to meeting with the first German volunteers. Flying to Berlin, the Director met with Mayor Willy Brandt and spoke at the Free University. The five-day trip ended Apr. 27, when Shriver returned to Washington.

Kenya, Uganda Projects

The Peace Corps will expand its activities in Africa this fall with teaching projects in Kenya and Uganda. About 25 Volunteer teachers will go to each country. Other kinds of projects for Kenya and Uganda are now under discussion.

A Sahara Crossing, By Thumb

Evelyn Vough is one of five women Peace Corps Volunteers who, using a variety of transport, crossed the Sahara during a regular school vacation in Liberia, where all are teachers. Their feat was the subject of newspaper articles and magazine features. Life said, "The most energetic, ambitious, and unpromising hitchhike ever started turned into a success that was cheered around the world." Evelyn, of Scottdale, Pa., is a 1961 graduate of Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., where she received a B.A. in English. She wrote the following article for the Associated Press, with whose permission it is reprinted here.

By Evelyn Vough

The idea of hitchhiking across the Sahara began with a rumor about an old caravan route.

Besides the adventure, the journey would give us a chance to learn about a way of life far different from our own.

My companions were Barbara Prikkel (The Bronx, N.Y.), Barbara Doutrich (Kirkland, Wash.), Barbara Kral (San Lorenzo, Cal.), and Geraldine Markos (McKeesport, Pa.).

We travelled about 4000 miles—1000 of them across the great desert—in seven weeks. Each of us spent about $300, mostly for food.

Nothing we have ever done or will do can compare with our adventure, an adventure into understanding of new people and new ways of life and of the very oldest of ideas.

We left Monrovia, Liberia, on Jan. 12 with definite knowledge of a train from Abidjan to Ouagadougou and bits of information gleaned from books, maps and a Lufthansa Airlines travel agent. Our goal was North Africa.

After a truck ride from the upper Ivory Coast, we arrived in Abidjan, the capital of the Ivory Coast. There we boarded a third-class train for Bouaké, about 200 miles north. We visited Peace Corps Volunteers a few days, then went by train to Ouagadougou, capital of Upper Volta.

There we met an English-speaking student who made us feel at home by showing us the town and introducing us to his friends. We spent several days with them and learned the African cha-cha, before departing in a small Fiat car loaded with the five of us and three Upper Voltans bound for Niamey, capital of Niger.

Our Upper Volta friends had offered to drive us there. The sun was hot and the road dusty. At the end of the trip to the Niamey river, we found that the only ferry already had departed for the night to Niamey on the opposite shore. We dined by starlight on corned beef and stale bread.

We crossed the ferry on the next morning. The American embassy allowed us to live a few days gratis in the guest apartment.

A Trans-African bus carried us to Zinder, Niger. There a French merchant helped us aboard his huge truck, settled us atop the cargo and instructed his Arab driver to carry us to Agadès, in Central Niger. At the end of this journey, courtesy of the same man, we found a gift box of food for our desert journey.

In the Agadès markets we purchased our black burnoose-type robes, pantaloons, and turbans and then boarded another truck.

The next four days and three nights were spent on the road. Between Agadès and Tamanrasset, Algeria, the southernmost town of the Sahara, we had wonderful Arab companions. They were three elderly men, one tiny girl, and a most considerate driver.

Because it was the time of Ramadan (Muslim fasting period), our companions could eat only after sundown. But they never failed to stop three times a day to permit their strange American passengers to open a few cans of tuna.

They gave us food, and every evening around the fire gave us three tiny glasses of the tastiest tea, poured in the most leisurely and dignified of ceremonies.

After two nights of sleep on the cold Sahara sands, we found a hotel with warm beds and blankets in the lovely mountain town of Tamanrasset.

We had the best of Algerian dinners. It was served by several young boys who invited us to their homes and cooked a six-course meal for us, complete with burning incense.

From Tamanrasset, a truck took us to a small camp in Tirhatimine, where some French army engineers live. There we spent two memorable days. Real friendship grew between us. None there could speak English and our French was limited, but we learned much about their political opinions, their respect for the late President Kennedy and their ideas about the Peace Corps.

They made room for us by remaking the mess tent into a tent for five, giving us their cots, their blankets, and their food.

We left Tirhatimine for In Salah, where we met the Foreign Legion and spent days in lively discussion, including preconceptions of the Legionnaire.

The Commissioner of In Salah gave us a ride aboard a sheep truck to a town beyond El Goléa.

Time was growing short, so to speed our arrival in Algiers we changed to three oil tankers which carried us to Ghardaïa, and took a taxi to Algiers.

And so we arrived at 3:30 a.m. Feb. 29, after seven weeks of unmatchable adventure.

Trans-Sahara hitchhikers, wearing wool desert robes for protection against cold, are from left, Barbara Doutrich, Geraldine Markos, Evelyn Vough, Barbara Kral, and Barbara Prikkel. — Courtesy Life Magazine (© 1964, Time Inc.)

Regional Chief Named Envoy; Representative Takes His Place

Jack H. Vaughn, for 2½ years the Peace Corps Regional Director for Latin America, assumed new duties in April as U.S. ambassador to Panama.

His successor as Latin America Regional Director is Frank Mankiewicz, for the past two years Peace Corps Representative in Peru.

Vaughn, 43, was appointed by President Johnson following an agreement Apr. 3 between Panama and the U.S. to resume diplomatic ties after nearly three months of suspension. Relations were broken Jan. 10 in a dispute over the Panama Canal Zone.

With resumption of normal relations, the two countries agreed to seek answers on outstanding differences. Peace Corps operations in Panama were not disrupted by the break in diplomatic communication and continued normally during the interim.

In making the nomination, President Johnson said that "few Americans know as many Panamanians personally as Mr. Vaughn does."

Vaughn served in Panama from 1952 to 1956 as program director for U.S. economic-aid missions. From 1949 to 1951, he had been director of U.S. Information Agency centers in Bolivia and Costa Rica. After his Panama service, he returned to Bolivia, again as program officer for the U.S. economic-aid mission.

Vaughn was born and reared in Columbus, Mont. As a young man, he became a boxer, fighting as an amateur in the U.S. and as a professional in Mexico. He holds a degree in Latin American studies and a graduate degree in economics from the University of Michigan. During World War II, he served in the Marines, rising from private to captain.

He taught Spanish, French, and Latin American studies at the University of Michigan from 1946 to 1948, then went to the University of Pennsylvania as a Spanish instructor. Following his years in Latin America, he returned to the academic world and became a faculty associate at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies.

Before coming to the Peace Corps in October, 1961, Vaughn was appointed program officer for Europe and Africa with the then foreign-aid agency, the International Co-operation Administration. In 1959 he went to Mali and Senegal as ICA representative.

He is married and has two daughters.

Mankiewicz was a lawyer in Beverly Hills, Cal., before joining the Peace Corps staff in October, 1961. He graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles in 1947 with a B.A. He subsequently took a master's degree in journalism from Columbia and a law degree from the University of California at Berkeley. He served with the Anti-Defamation League in 1951-52, and while in law school, he worked as a legal intern for the League of California Cities.

Succeeding Mankiewicz as Peace Corps Representative in Peru is Samuel Guarnaccia, formerly chairman of the Spanish and Italian departments at Middlebury (Vt.) College.

Volunteers in Chile Make Training Film

Chile Volunteers have made a training film for the benefit of their Peace Corps successors.

The film, photographed by Michael Middleton (Canoga Park, Cal.) and produced by the Peace Corps, explains the work of Chile's Institute of Rural Education and shows how Peace Corps Volunteers work within the organization.

Members of the filming team were David Edmonds (Ellisville, Miss.), Steve Robbins (Philadelphia), and Mary Ellen Wynhausen (Glendale, Cal.). They travelled more than 600 miles of Chile's length and photographed Volunteer-Institute projects in Ancud, Osorno, Los Lagos, Loncoche, Galvarino, Chillán, and La Serena.

Volunteers Leave Troubled Isle

Meridan Bennett was Peace Corps Representative in Cyprus. He is a 1950 graduate of Yale and he did post-graduate study in geology at Montana State University. Before coming to the Peace Corps, he had been a ski-school operator, a cattle rancher, a highway-construction worker, and a writer. Bennett now is on the Washington staff of the Peace Corps. He is married and has two children.

By Meridan Bennett

On Mar. 19, I left Cyprus for the last time. After nearly 20 months of building a Peace Corps program, I had just finished closing it down. The last Volunteer had been terminated, the Peace Corps office was vacated, and the wooden tub of a homemade ice-cream freezer, the product of a mechanically minded Volunteer, had been turned over to a Cypriot neighbor who thought he might make a planter box of it.

The 22 Volunteers of the Cyprus project arrived in September, 1962. For 16 months they worked in Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot communities in teaching, agriculture, geology, and physical education.

The Volunteers, all men, had developed fluency in Greek or Turkish; some had been able to pick up both. They had worked and travelled in nearly every town and village on the 120-mile-long island. They were known by thousands of Cypriots who had come to respect their willingness to take on any job, no matter how base or dirty.

They lived with Cypriots and worked with them and for them, and—most wondrous of all — they received less money than the people with whom they worked. They often made nuisances of themselves by pestering their supervisors mercilessly for action on some program or other which was vital to their job. They had survived long and difficult adjustment to their new life and had gone on to do effective work. Nearly every man among them felt that he was accomplishing something. Then at Christmastime, the shooting started.

Free movement around the island became impossible as roadblocks sprang up. Schools closed or became refugee centers; civil servants left their jobs; development programs were suspended.

I watched the Volunteers say their goodbyes. I attended an assortment of farewell parties at which a wordless moment or two seemed to sum up the futility and incomprehensibility of the times. During these partings, a further realization seized us all—Peace Corps and Cypriots alike: something important had been undertaken, something significant though immeasurable had been accomplished. Paradoxically, the bonds of friendship drew a little tighter even as a fog of hate beclouded an answer to the problems of Cyprus.

Somalia Teachers Come Home

Twenty-five Volunteer teachers in Somalia have completed their service a few weeks before their planned departure date because schools were closed following a frontier dispute.

The Peace Corps program in Somalia will continue, however. A training program for some 60 Volunteers will begin this summer. Some of the new Volunteers will teach in public schools vacated by the first Volunteers, and others will go to schools which have not had Peace Corps teachers.

School-to-School Will Help Provide Needed Classrooms

(Continued from page 1)

and an active pen-pal club has started.

When the Casa Blanca school opens, Rosendale will hold a corresponding ceremoney. Each school will exhibit articles made by the students of the other.

School-to-School was suggested to the Peace Corps by Gene Bradley, Rosendale PTA president and editor of the *General Electric Forum*, during a business meeting with government officials overseas.

"Our PTA raised $750 last year. What could you have done with that money?" he asked.

"Build a school," replied the officials.

They told Bradley that such a sum would not allow for construction crews but would pay for cement and for block-making machines to permit the people to do the work themselves.

On this basis, the Rosendale School started the project in Casa Blanca. The Colombian townspeople agreed to furnish the additional money required. Through the pilot project, construction costs for a small school were set at around $1000, depending on local conditions and available materials.

School-to-School will operate only in locations where a Volunteer can show a need for classrooms. The choice will be approved by the U.S. Ambassador and the Peace Corps Representative. The Volunteer will then assist in construction.

New Frequencies, Time For 'Peace Corps Report'

New short-wave frequencies and broadcast times for the program "Peace Corps Report" will be in effect from May through September.

The program, which has no official connection with the Peace Corps, will be broadcast Wednesday, then re-broadcast twice on Sunday. It presents tape-recorded reports from Volunteers, letter exchanges, and interviews. Material for use on the series should be addressed to "Peace Corps Report," Radio New York Worldwide, 4 W. 58th St., New York 19, N.Y.

The new times and frequencies are:

WEDNESDAY 1930 GMT (1430 EST)
and
SUNDAY 1830 GMT (1330 EST)

Africa: 15.290 mcs 19.62 meters
South America: 15.440 mcs 19.43 meters
Caribbean: 11.940 mcs 25.13 meters

SUNDAY 2330 GMT (1830 EST)

Caribbean: 11.940 mcs 25.13 meters
South America: 15.440 mcs 19.43 meters

Negro Volunteer in Ethiopia Finds Color an Advantage

Volunteer Ann Covington (Detroit) graduated from Eastern Michigan University in 1952 with a B.A. in history and speech, and earned an M.S. in speech in 1954 from the University of Michigan. She worked as a speech therapist for two years at a clinic of the United Cerebral Palsy Association in Palmyra, Michigan, and for five years as a speech therapist for handicapped children in the Detroit public schools. Her story below was written originally for the March, 1964, issue of **The Crisis,** a publication of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and is reprinted here with permission, in abridgement.

By Ann Covington

Ethiopia is familiarly and variously known as "The Land of 13 Months of Sunshine," and "The Land of the Queen of Sheba," but I prefer to call it simply "The Land of Beauty." It is a land of breath-taking natural landscape, beautiful terrain, beautiful climate, and beautiful people. The old saying "beauty is as beauty does" came to life in the gracious and beautiful way we were welcomed to and accepted in Ethiopia.

Ann Covington

It is not my intention anywhere in this article to imply that American whites are not accepted in Ethiopia. Nothing could be further from the truth. However, it has been my experience that with the Negro there is no initial wall or color barrier that must be surmounted. The sameness of color opens the door. After this, of course, one must prove himself and is accepted or rejected on the basis of merit alone. With a white person this initial barrier must be broken down before effective and meaningful communication can be established.

In the past, Ethiopians did not hold other Africans or American Negroes in the highest esteem as exemplified by the following quote made at the New York *Herald Tribune* Youth Forum in 1958 by the delegate from Ethopia:

"I have always been taught that as an Ethiopian I am not a Negro. We are taught that we are descended from one of the lost tribes of Israel and that therefore Ethiopians are Semitic people, not Negroes. Because I had learned these facts, when I first came I had the idea of isolating myself from other African delegates because I felt superior and . . . different from them. Now I find we have much in common . . . if not in race at least in our ideas and in our color. We are all Africans. I see now how much I was fooling myself. Coming not from a Negroid but a Hamitic stock, the Ethiopians in their own self-interest did not want to be associated with a racial group that for centuries was considered inferior."

The question of origin has been important in the Ethiopian's concept of himself. In recent years, however, there has been a marked tendency on the part of the educated élite and the Imperial Government to establish a closer relationship with other Africans and American Negroes. His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie I, during his recent visit (October, 1963) to the United States, was hailed by the New York *Herald Tribune* as being, "The father of the future federation of free African States."

The Emperor in his address to the United Nations stated:

". . . And we must look into ourselves, into the depth of our souls. We must become something we have never been and for which our education and experience and environment have ill-prepared us. We must become bigger than we have been: more courageous, greater in spirit, larger in outlook. We must become members of a new race, overcoming petty prejudice, owing our ultimate allegiance not to nations but to our fellow men within the human community."

I was told before leaving that I would not be as well accepted as white Volunteers. I am certain after being in Ethiopia for more than a year that the maker of the statement knew only history and was naïve to recent trends. My own experiences in Ethiopia and those of other Negroes are current testimony as to how American Negroes are accepted.

Being a Negro in Ethiopia, I find myself in a novel position . . . a position where my color enhances rather than hinders. It enhances my acceptances, my opportunities for making true and lasting friendships as well as the job I have to do. The job that I have to do covers a wider range than my teaching. A large part of it is getting to know Ethiopians so that we can learn about and understand one another. I am one of approximately 415 Volunteers serving with the Peace Corps in Ethiopia. We are serving in the capacities of secondary school teachers, university extension teachers, and medical workers. We arrived in two

POLYMAGMA

Of all the goodies in our medical kits,
Nothing quite gives me ecstatic fits,
  Like polymagma.
Of terramycin I've grown weary,
And aspirin's downright dreary;
  Just give me polymagma.
While tyzine's fine for nasal congestion,
And aluminum hydroxide for indigestion;
  I'd rather take polymagma.
Though iodine drops make water pure,
And vitamins keep you strong, for sure;
  It's more fun to take polymagma.
This little pill with powers sublime,
Has kept us all from days supine;
  Blessed polymagma.

—Ed Dennison (Beaverton, Ore.);
reprinted from *La Llama*, the
Peace Corps/Bolivia newsletter

[*Polymagma is a medication to combat the kind of gastrointestinal disturbance common to visitors of foreign lands.*—THE VOLUNTEER]

In El Salvador, Volunteer Angelo Festa (Brooklyn, N.Y.) cools off in the midst of work on community well-cleaning project; he and his wife, Linda, are rural community-development workers. He holds B.A. from Michigan State and M.A. from Southern Illinois in physical education; she is a political-science graduate.

contingents, 270 in September, 1962; 145 in September, 1963. Out of the 415, 30 are Negroes.

Our being an integrated organization has done much to help the American image abroad. The fact that Negro and white Volunteers share the same houses, shop and work together in harmony does more to show the African that we are united Americans working co-operatively for a common goal than any words.

With the emerging African nations the Negro is in a unique position to be of real value to America, Africa, and the world at large. We can bridge the gap between the world of the white man and that of the black because we have the benefit of both an American and African heritage.

My first year in Ethiopia was spent in Asmara, in the northern province of Eritrea. Out of the 70-odd Volunteers assigned there nine of us were Negroes. Ofttimes the words of welcome were humorous. For example, a woman in the Ministry of Education in Asmara graciously approached several of us, extended her hand and with a very warm smile said, "I am so happy to see American niggers!" After we explained to her the derogatory connotation of the word "nigger," she humbly apologized and made an appointment to entertain us the following evening.

Our arrival coincided with Maskel, a religious holiday commemorating the "discovery of the cross of Christ by the Empress Helena." The Ethiopians opened their homes to the Peace Corps Volunteers, generously celebrating their feast day with us as they had on New Year's Day (September 11) in Addis Ababa. My host was an assistant headmaster in one of the schools. He said to me that he especially wanted to entertain American Negroes. At his home, as in almost all Ethiopian households, we were served *injera* and *wat*, the national dish of Ethiopia. (The bread *injera*, made from *teft*, a highly nutritious grain, is similar in appearance to our pancake. The diameter, however, is much greater and it is grayish-brown in color. *Wat* is a highly spiced stew made from chicken, lamb, beef, or other meat.)

My Maskel hosts and I became very close friends during my tour of duty in Asmara. They brought furniture from their home to my house for me to use until Peace Corps furniture arrived. With the arrival of furniture they were on hand along with other Ethiopians to assist in painting it. Their gestures of kindness extended the gamut from taking my pet monkey to the veterinarian for his shots to taking us on automobile trips to scenic and historical parts of Ethiopia.

It was not an uncommon occurrence for an Ethiopian to approach me on the street and say, "Are you an American Negro? Welcome." For example, another Negro Volunteer and I were having coffee when an Ethiopian judge approached us and said he would like us to go with him. He wanted to introduce us to His Excellency. We followed not knowing where we were going or whom we were going to meet. He took us to a barber shop and introduced us to the Ethiopian Ambassador to Sudan who was all lathered and being shaved. After the Ambassador was finished at the barber shop the four of us went for coffee. The Ambassador expressed his pleasure in meeting American Negroes and invited us to Khartoum with a request that we cable him so that he could personally meet us at the airport.

Out of all my experience in Ethiopia the one that touched me the most was when an Ethiopian said, "I would like to call you Mebrat instead of Ann. It is my mother's name, and it means light."

My time in the Peace Corps has been one of the most rewarding periods of my life. Rewarding in the sense that I felt I was helping America, Africa, and myself. As a Negro I feel that my mere presence in Africa does a great deal to counteract many misconceptions Africans have of the American Negro and of the United States. Some were surprised to see Negroes because they thought we were not permitted to attend school. The Africans, from my experiences in Sudan, Kenya, Tanganyika, as well as Ethiopia, would like to be of some help to us in our fight for complete first-class citizenship. We can be of great help to them in their struggle for educational, scientific, agricultural, and technological advancement. And most of all, they want us!

U. S. Tooth Corps?

Sen. Kenneth B. Keating of New York has suggested a new aid program for underdeveloped countries — a "Tooth Corps" for the distribution of oral hygiene equipment, tooth brushes, etc.

According to Sen. Keating, the motto for the "Tooth Corps" would be "As far as gums are concerned, they're better red than dead."

Some 'Marriage Business'

In February, Volunteers Bob McAndrews (Sepulveda, Cal.) and Suellen Haney (Colorado Springs, Col.) were married in Liberia, where he has been since August, 1962, and she since August, 1963, as elementary-school teachers. McAndrews attended Pierce College, Woodland Hills, Cal., and Valley State College, Northridge, Cal., where he earned a B.A. in psychology in 1962. He has worked as a deck hand, camp counsellor, and remedial physical-education teacher. Mrs. McAndrews graduated from Scripps College, Claremont, Cal., in 1959 with a B.A. in English literature, and did graduate work in education at the University of St. Thomas, Houston, and Colorado College. In 1961 she was a volunteer with the American Field Service in Turkey. Before joining the Peace Corps, she was an elementary-school teacher in San Carlos, Cal.

By Suellen McAndrews

In Kpaiyea Village, each man has at least two wives; he has usually lived with each one—in order to "see her ways"—from two months to 10 years before their marriage. This trial marriage is called "friend business," and once a man and woman decide to remain together, they are usually loyal to each other and make responsible parents.

Since the villagers would have no way of knowing whether Bob and I were married or were having "friend business," we decided to announce our marriage to them in a way they would be sure to understand: by having a tribal ceremony. When we asked the chief's permission to be married according to Kpellee custom, he broke into a wide grin and jerked his head up and down in affirmation.

He was reluctant to tell us many details about the ceremony because he wanted to guide it as we went along. He told Bob some of the things to have prepared, and he said that he would tell the town crier to announce the marriage the day before so that the people would stay home from their farms on the day of the ceremony.

My parents left Colorado Springs during a fierce snowstorm and arrived in Liberia a day later. I went down to Monrovia, the capital, to greet them, and I couldn't help feeling sorry for them in their tweed suits and heavy coats.

The next day we drove inland to Kpaiyea, in the northeast, near Guinea. Because there had been no rain for two months, the once-green foliage bordering the road was completely covered by red dust. After six hours en route to Kpaiyea, so were we.

Some American friends who had come to see the ceremony greeted us, and so did about 30 of our Kpaiyea school children who immediately and incessantly asked us their usual question: "What did you bring me, teacha?" We told them they would have to wait until after the "marriage business," and then we would give them some rice.

Bob and I quickly put on our country clothes, made of cloth printed in yellow, white, and blue. I wrapped the *lappa* around my waist so that it hung down just below my knees, and then I put the *buba* on over my head and zipped it up the back. Soon afterward, we set out to climb the hill on which the village sits.

By the time we had reached there, we were surrounded by villagers asking me incredulously if the couple with us was really my mother and father. They found it hard to believe that my parents can be in their 50s and still alive. The rest of the Americans — about 30 in all — were grouped in the center of the village; never before had so many white people visited Kpaiyea at one time — except perhaps when Sargent Shriver visited here last year.

I was happy that our friends had come such a long distance to visit the village and see the ceremony, but I had been fearful that they might offend the villagers with all their picture-taking. As it turned out, my fears were unfounded, for the Americans were warm and friendly to the villagers, and the people of Kpaiyea were thrilled to have their pictures taken.

As I walked toward the chief's hut, "Old Lady," the most aged woman of the village, came toward me. She was wearing only an old gray cloth around her waist. She looked at me with her bright blue eyes, tipped her head to one side and said, "Walee, e-a-tua?" I answered that I was fine, and then I asked, "Eh-koley-pin-a?" I wanted to know if her stomach was still bothering her. "Nellie," she said, telling me that she was fine and proving it by holding both my elbows and leaning from side to side in a kind of dance, grinning up at me. After going through a kind of pantomime ceremony with some of the other guests, she came back to me, saying that she was tired. I put my arm around her and walked back to her hut with her. When she was settled on her porch, I left her and walked down two huts to my wedding place.

Bob was there with a mat and a blanket rolled up under his arm. Chairs were brought for the elders of the village. Chief Gbigbi, the clan leader of five villages, wore his blue-and-white spotted robe and a small stocking cap. Flanghik, the town chief and Gbigbi's brother, sat next to Gbigbi. He was wearing a white robe with yellow embroidery on the neck, and his knitted hat had a blue pompon that jiggled whenever he nodded. Mr. Kamara, one of the elders, wor a white robe typical of those of Muslim faith, and a red, fez-like hat. We were ready to begin.

Chief Gbigbi told Tommy, the Kpellee boy who would help us translate, to tell Bob to sit on the blanket. My parents and I had to sit on the mat so that we faced Bob. When I was seated, I discovered that my *lappa* was tighter than I had thought it would be. That meant that I couldn't change positions, and I wanted to because I was already uncomfortable.

Bob needed a man to act as his representative—his "uncle." So he asked one of the villagers who could speak a little English. My father asked George Radcliffe (Plymouth, N.H.), our fellow Volunteer in Kpaiyea, to represent him. All the actual negotiations were carried on between George and Bob's "uncle." Tommy was standing by with the necessary cola nuts, money, and other gifts for exchange.

The ceremony began. The uncle wrapped 10 cola nuts in four large green leaves and inserted 25¢ (Liberia uses American currency). He handed it to George and said that Bob had seen me "walking about" in the village and wanted me to be his wife. Cola nuts, which are used for every important occasion, were a symbol of agreement to negotiate. George took the nuts, gave them to my father, and then my father took 10 of his cola nuts, wrapped them in leaves with 25¢, and gave them back as a sign of agreement. The nuts, about the size of Brazil nuts, contain caffeine and are very bitter. My father was a good sport and ate a few bites of one. Neither the Americans nor the villagers expected my father to be able to eat the nut without flinching, so his unhesitating action was admired by all.

Suellen McAndrews, clothed in her wedding dress of Liberian design, assists "Old Lady," the oldest woman in village.

The uncle told George to ask my father to ask me if I would agree to become Bob's wife. I answered yes with such gusto that everyone laughed. My father helped me up from the mat, gave my hand to George, who gave it to the uncle. He led me to Bob's mat, and I sat down next to him. A buzz of voices arose from the crowd around us, and everyone pressed closer. Chief Gbigbi stood up and waved the people back. He told them that the Americans had come a long way to visit their village and see how they conducted marriage business. "Everyone should be quiet so that they can all hear, and if you're not interested, go do some other business," he told them. The frown left his face, and he sat down.

The uncle told Tommy to fetch the gifts for my parents. Tommy went to the house and returned with two brightly colored garments. The uncle took them and told Bob to place $5 in the one for my father and $2 in the one for my mother. Then he gave them to George with these words: "We know that it has been a heartache for you to raise a daughter all these years and then have her leave home. These presents are to compensate for having to lose a daughter."

Striped Gown

My father stood up and George helped him to put on the gigantic gown, a gift from the chief. It was black-and-white-striped with orange embroidery around the neck. In order to be considered a fine gown, it was supposed to reach from fingertip to fingertip. My father is a small man, and the edges of the gown went beyond his hands as he held out his arms. The villagers were very pleased. My mother's gift was a blue *lappa* and *buba* similar to the one I was wearing. She put it on over her red dress.

It was time for the big moment, the binding part of the ceremony. The uncle told Bob to go with Tommy to the house that contained the gifts. In a few minutes they returned, and Bob handed $40 to the uncle. He counted it carefully into George's hand, and then George counted it out to my father. The uncle then explained that my father was to accept this dowry and had to "eat" it. He was not to spend it or return it to us, for in case I ever wanted to leave Bob, my father would have to repay the $40 and add $40 more to pay for the trouble I had caused.

Bob wanted to give something extra to please my father and show that he was eager to buy me. Tommy appeared with a large white rooster, untied it, and handed it to my father, explaining that it was a symbol of Bob's pure heart. My city-bred father twitched a little, but he held on to the chicken for a few minutes. The uncle stood between the mats, raised his hands in the air, and shouted, "Let's all cheer! We've bought ourselves a woman!"

The crowd cheered for a few minutes, and then Chief Gbigbi stood up, folded his hands in front of him, and said that it was time for the chief to give his blessing and advice. A hush fell over the villagers, and he began his long speech. After every phrase, the villagers chanted a Kpellee "amen" of approval. Chief Gbigbi praised the Peace Corps for coming to Liberia, and then he thanked all the American visitors who had come to his village. He faced Bob and me and said that he believed that it was God's will that we had come to Kpaiyea and that Bob had decided to take me as his wife in a Kpellee ceremony. He advised us that our love for each other should increase year after year, and he said he hoped that we would be blessed with a boy child soon. "Amen!" said the villagers, and they all crowded around to shake our hands. Then they began to ask where the marriage rice was. The villagers like weddings because it means eating and dancing for everyone. Tommy, together with Mary Mulbah, the wife of our Liberian school principal, had prepared three huge pans of rice and a couple of buckets of soup made from palm oil, potato greens, deer meat, hot pepper, and fish. As soon as the Americans had filled their plates, Mary opened the door and let the villagers swarm in. They were eager to eat, and most of them ate the rice in handfuls from the pan in their customary manner. Then they began to ask for palm wine and fermented cane juice to make them completely satisfied so that they would be ready to dance.

The drummers began to play on one large drum and two smaller ones. The women joined with their maraca-like *sasas* shaking out a complementary beat. The villagers began to chant, and their bodies began to sway. I danced with the head woman for a while, and then the people called for Bob to dance. He put on a vigorous show, which they enjoyed. Another group of drummers and *sa-sa* players started up in another part of the village, and soon many of the people were dancing there. Had the moon been full, they would have danced all night. As it was, the festivities ended at one in the morning.

With my parents, Bob and I walked down the hill to my house. The night was dark and cool, and the frogs were croaking. We were tired and happy. We felt very married.

Three days later we were married again at a church in Monrovia. Some of our friends from the village joined our Peace Corps friends in the ceremony, and I wore my great-grandmother's 105-year-old wedding dress.

Now we are back in Kpaiyea, teaching school and working with the villagers. Life is full, and this "marriage business" is just fine.

Bob McAndrews, the bridegroom, sits on blanket in preparation for the wedding. Beside him are gifts: new mat and cola nuts wrapped up in leaves.

Suellen with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Donald Haney of Colorado Springs, Colo., before the Kpellee ceremony. Three days later Bob and Suellen were married again in church wedding at Monrovia, the capital.

Judy Haase (left), a Volunteer nurse from Emmaus, Pa., works with Tunisian student nurse at school for blind.

Volunteer Robert Trumpler (Aptos, Cal.), left, is chief inspector for maintenance division of Ministry of Public Works.

TUNISIA

Work Takes New Directions in Ancient Land

Richard A. Graham, Peace Corps Representative to Tunisia, served as Acting Associate Director of the Office of Public Affairs of the Peace Corps before he assumed his overseas post last year. Born in Chicago, he grew up near Milwaukee, and lists Mequon, Wis., as home. In 1942 he graduated from Cornell with the degree of bachelor of mechanical engineering. After college, he entered the Army as an ordnance officer, and was sent to Andimesk, Iran, where he stayed for a year constructing water and power systems, roads, and buildings. He transferred to the Army Air Forces in 1944, and spent the remainder of his military service in the U.S. working on the design and engineering of missiles. In 1946 he went to work with Graham Transmissions Inc., in Menomonee Falls, Wis., a company founded by his father. He was both sales manager and development engineer, working on power-transmission equipment. He holds patents on a variable-speed transmission, food-vending apparatus, and other electronic equipment. In 1957 Graham and a partner organized Jordan Controls Inc., in Milwaukee, while he remained with his father's company. As vice-president of

Waterfront scene in the Mediterranean city of Sfax, an ancient, walled town that today is Tunisia's second-largest city and an important shipping point for phosphate rock, the country's chief mineral export, used in the making of fertilizers.

Jordan Controls, he worked on design and engineering of control systems, and the company later built reactor controls for the nuclear ship SAVANNAH. He has also served as president of the Mequon Development Corp. and as school-board chairman. He is married and has five children.

By Richard A. Graham

It has become the vogue in articles written for THE VOLUNTEER to focus on difficulties and frustrations as a kind of antidote to the glowing and often inaccurate accounts of early Peace Corps' successes. By now it should be apparent that every Volunteer can expect a period of agonizing frustration and often a long one at that. Few Volunteers are able to give all they had hoped to give when they joined.

Volunteers and staff alike have come to realize that working abroad and representing our country abroad are a far more difficult job than they anticipated. It is only by the standard of what one can reasonably expect to accomplish in this kind of work that success can be measured.

This report on Tunisia will not focus on the problems. Most of those are past, though the Tunisia Volunteers' articles will talk of them. What follows here is admittedly the report of a Peace Corps enthusiast.

Tunisia has 90 Peace Corps Volunteers. Twenty-three nurses work in modern hospitals or in rural clinics. Most of the nurses were assigned to Tunis, where the Tunisian government felt the need was greatest. Their jobs were certainly less satisfying than those in rural areas until they found themselves housing in the medina, or Arab quarter. Overwork was a problem in some cases, underwork in others. There were pressures in working alongside Tunisian nurses who were excellently trained but who had greater confidence in French than in American medicine and all too often failed to practice the preaching they had received.

Volunteer nurse Nancy Biddinger (Portland, Ore.) says, "It was just a matter of rolling up your sleeves and doing whatever needed doing, whether it was washing the walls or the floors." The next step was to become a nurse again and to demonstrate that the Tunisian government knew what it was doing when it asked for qualified American nurses.

Seventeen mechanics service Galion graders and Michigan loaders and 30 or 40 other makes of American, French, German, or Czech road machinery. The Volunteers work in the central maintenance shops of Tunis, in rural quarries, in village motor parks, and from mobile repair shops they assembled themselves. Volunteer Leader Bob Trumpler (Aptos, Cal.) and Tom Hawthorne (Kensington, Md.) provided the spark for an experimental plan first introduced around Bizerte. The objectives were to change from an "after-breakdown repair service" to a preventive-maintenance service. They sought to obtain greater equipment utilization through daily telephone reports of the location and condition of equipment and by moving it from job to job on trailers rather than by driving it on the road. Glenn Wilson (Taopi, Minn.), Walter Hood (Omaha, Neb.), Jim Laughton (Kailua, Hawaii), and John Martinkovitch (Throop, Pa.) formed a team with Hawthorne, Trumpler, and Tunisian co-workers. In the first seven months, movement of equipment increased more than 400 per cent, preventive-maintenance procedures increased by more than 100 per cent, and machine downtime decreased by more than 30 per cent. The Tunisian government, impressed with the success of the plan at Bizerte, has called for its extension to

About the Country

Tunisia, facing the Mediterranean Sea between Algeria and Libya, has been a crossroads of history for centuries and has an inviting climate, fertile coastal plains, and natural harbors. An area of 58,000 square miles makes it about the size of Michigan; population in 1962 was estimated at 4.3 million, composed mostly of Arabs and Berbers of Muslim faith, but also of about 300,000 Jews and European Christians. The country has had a checkered past dating back to ancient Carthage, which was located eight miles from the present site of Tunis, the capital city. Carthage, founded about 800 B.C., at one time dominated the North African coast, Sardinia, and Sicily, and challenged Rome for supremacy in the Mediterranean. The Romans destroyed the city in 146 B.C. but later rebuilt it, and Carthage flourished again in the third and fourth centuries. For 10 centuries the land was ruled successively by Vandals, the Byzantine Empire, Arabs, and Turks of the Ottoman Empire. In the 1800s, both France and Italy attempted to take control of the country; French troops invaded Tunisia in 1881, and it became a French protectorate in 1883. Tunisia became independent as a monarchy in 1956, and became a republic the following year. An American-style constitution was signed in 1959, providing for a president elected for five years; President Habib Bourguiba was elected unopposed in 1959. Arabic is the official language.

other regions of Tunisia.

Four Volunteers teach English, one at the 4000-student *lycée* in Gabès, an oasis town where the Mediterranean meets the Sahara. Two instruct at the Bourguiba School of Modern Languages, a day-night school in Tunis that counts subcabinet members and policemen among its students. One teaches at the International Civil Aviation School for the future airline pilots, crop dusters, and meteorologists of Tunisia, Morocco, Kenya, Ivory Coast, Cameroon, Malagasy, the Congo, Senegal, and Mali. These teachers have in a small way demonstrated that Americans *can* teach English, something that few Frenchmen or graduates of the French system have seemed willing to believe.

Fourteen Volunteers work for the Ministry of Youth and Sports in 13 Bourguiba Villages, boarding schools—some in former Foreign Legion barracks—for orphaned or underprivileged young Tunisians aged from seven to 20.

The six Volunteer building-construction foremen, after a grindingly slow start, eventually found their niche. They now serve as masons, equipment repairmen, or foremen; several are overseeing construction designed by the 12 Volunteer architects and one city planner now working in seven offices throughout Tunisia.

Thirteen Volunteers serve under the direction of the United Nations Food & Agricultural Organization as mechanics, field mappers, and irrigationists at farm schools and experimental farms throughout Tunisia.

None of the Volunteers was handed responsibility; they had to earn it. The architects, for example, first drew plans for buildings they were sure were never to be built. But as they gained the confidence of their superiors, they began to get jobs that meant something.

The Tunisian government has joined in what has become for the Peace Corps a familiar refrain of asking for additional Volunteers. But perhaps the greatest tribute to the Volunteers was that Tunisia asked for a second helping of Volunteers to work in Bourguiba Villages. The early Volunteers were labelled physical-education instructors, but they are more than that. They have become counsellors, teachers, and substitute parents to their children. Most of them now get along equally well in French and Arabic.

A Bit of the Spirit

I don't know how the Tunisian government defines the need for a Peace Corps Volunteer in a Bourguiba Village; Tunisia produces enough trained physical-education instructors. And you can't measure the performance of our other Volunteers by new buildings or reduced vehicle downtime or higher crop production or a life nursed to health. Tunisia looks, at least in part, to the East for guidance and development of its youth movements. But Tunisia now looks also to our Volunteers and to their successors for a bit of the spirit, the enthusiasm, and the interest in individuals that children and officials alike have come to appreciate here. This response is a tribute to Tunisia, to the Volunteers, and to the U.S.

A stranger in Ouseltia may have trouble finding someone who can tell him where the Experimental Farm is located, but he can find someone to tell him where "the Americans work." In Sfax, you ask for "the Americans," not for Immeuble Athos. In Zaghouan, you ask for "Mr. Ross," in Menzel Thamine for "the American mechanic," and in the medina of Tunis for "the American nurses."

President Bourguiba said recently, "One of the great works that will remain and that will perpetuate the remembrance of President Kennedy is this original and very efficient institution called 'Peace Volunteers.' I know that he placed high hopes on this realization, upon this idea of helping countries newly responsible for their own destiny and of sending them the capable personnel they lack, and by the same token, of permitting a large section of the élite of the American people to know these peoples better, in living their way, on their land side by side with their nationals. I think that the idea of Peace Volunteers has triumphed after 2½ years of contact with Tunisia. The goals which President Kennedy had and which we also had in mind when I received you 2½ years ago have been reached to a large extent. I have the impression that our hopes are materializing and that after a period of fluctuation due to the change in environment, language, habits, and traditions, you have been able to integrate with the Tunisian people, to live their way, to know their way of thinking, their degree of culture, the efforts they are making, their good qualities, and their failings, and that you have been able from within to act, to make America know, to make the American people know, and in so doing, to have them liked and respected."

Residents of Gabès, on the southern coast, clean up after floods in November, 1962. Peace Corps mechanics and other Volunteers helped in the job.

Two unidentified Volunteer mechanics work on truck in Gabès after floods that devastated city. A group of Volunteers worked for four days cleaning fouled machinery.

In the City, Culture Shock Roared at Him

Ira Tannenbaum is from Teaneck, N.J. He graduated in 1962 with an A.B. in history from Brown. He spent several summers as a camp counsellor, and in 1961 went to India with the Experiment in International Living.

By Ira Tannenbaum

Common sense should tell you that teaching English at the Institut Bourguiba des Langues Vivantes is not Humphrey Bogart parading through the sin bins of North Africa. Yet, neither should the job conjure up images of an angelic figure, wearing a threadbare hairshirt, standing on one leg in a narrow, dirty street of the Tunis medina, carrying in his right hand the torch of learning to the eager Tunisian masses. In fact, my present existence much more clearly resembles my life in the United States than it does the life I led last year instructing physical education at a Tunisian-style boys' town, where I didn't own a hairshirt but still felt an uncontrollable urge to scratch my chest from time to time.

The Institut Bourguiba is in Lafayette, one of the European sections of Tunis, the capital city. I live nearby in order to facilitate my two or three daily trips to school. The culture shock I might have expected in changing from country to city living was limited to my first night in my new quarters when I heard lions roaring as I was preparing my next day's lessons. I soon found that the Tunis zoo was across the street.

Although the Institut is a division of the University of Tunis, its students receive no academic credit for their study of English or a half-dozen other modern languages. We fill the needs of three different groups of students. Most come to classes at night after a full day's work as teachers, government workers, or professional people. Mornings, we give intensive work to prepare Tunisian scholarship winners for studies or training in the U.S., England, or Sweden. Afternoons, we provide English courses for special groups with a need for English, such as the members of the Department of Foreign Affairs, the National Guard, and the Tunisian division of international corporations.

My students are a world apart from the Tunisians of the ancient Arab city and the small villages. They represent the growing Tunisian middle class. They all speak good French, a carryover from their studies in the schools of the colonial period and from their past proximity to European residents. I now teach in French as opposed to the pidgin Arabic I used last year when I was teaching physical education to school children.

About 15 of my present 75 students are women. The veiled, mysterious woman of the East exists in Tunis, but I have no contact with her. My women students are either substantially Westernized housewives or university girls who, except for their French-style dress, look like American college girls. Some of my students have apologized for not producing American cuisine or atmosphere when I visited at their homes for an evening. But others, usually wealthier and more secure in their relationships with Europeans, have invited me to dinners that have been very pleasant introductions to the communal aspects of Arab cuisine, customs, and family life.

My living and working surroundings differ from those of many other Volunteers in Tunisia; what few job problems I have are also different. The small Tunisian school staff was well-trained and prepared to direct the Institut. An American linguistics professor, Richard Payne, acting as a Ford Foundation educational consultant, is responsible for the pedagogical aspects of the administration. The United States Agency for International Development originally built the school and ran it until a few years ago. AID still pays half the school costs, and the school is in no need of money. Teaching facilities are modern: two language laboratories with a total of 40 tape booths, slide projectors for each classroom, a cinema, a sufficient quantity of books, and all the chalk one could possibly use.

This year I haven't had to search for work. Each teacher carries between 22 and 25 hours of classes a week. In addition to these hours, which are almost completely devoted to the oral method of English instruction using books developed at the University of Michigan, teachers are responsible for preparing tapes, examinations, and, of course, classwork. Fortunately, I do not have to struggle to convince an administration to replace antiquated teaching methods, and I have not had to face the problem of students lacking initial motivation. Our night students give up free time two to four times a week to attend classes voluntarily; they don't have to be convinced of the soundness of the program. Our struggle is to keep down the number of dropouts, because family responsibilities and the pursuit of happiness are constant counterpressures to students' staying on. As of Mar. 1, my own rolls were 80 per cent of their levels at the beginning of the school year last October.

Having read this far, you likely will ask if my job in Tunis differs substantially from that of teaching English to immigrants in Manhattan. Every day little incidents, things the students say, sights I see, and actions the administration takes remind me that Tunisia is different from the United States. My women students, to all outward appearances wholly emancipated from the traditional state of womanhood here, are met every night after class by their brothers, uncles, or fathers, who wait at the school entrance to escort them home. The holy month of Ramadan, during which Muslims fast from sunrise to sunset, was strictly observed by most of my students despite a concerted effort by the Tunisian government to de-emphasize the observation in the interests of increased industrial productivity and office efficiency. My daytime classes during these four weeks were characterized by the pervading bad breath of the fasting students, whereas the night students, if present at all, were sluggish after having just broken their day-long fast with a large, festive meal.

Some of our problems of school administration would have time-study experts pulling their hair out. The attainment of efficiency, although sought, is always an uphill battle. For example, before classes opened last October, there was a rush to make all the proper arrangements. Nearly everything was accomplished, but someone forgot to notify the students to come. For the first two days of school my classes were empty. I guessed then that things couldn't get any worse—and they haven't.

Ira Tannenbaum faces students at Institut Bourguiba in Tunis, where he teaches English in modern school. He spent first year in Tunisia as physical-education instructor at boys' town.

Yes, We Didn't Know It All

Sandra Harrison of Statesboro, Ga., received her B.S. in nursing in 1961 at Emory University. She has worked as a staff nurse at Emory University Hospital in the emergency room and on general duty. As a Volunteer, she is working at the Hôpital Habib Thameur in Tunis.

By Sandra Harrison

To say that Peace Corps nursing in Tunisia has been a challenge would be an understatement. The two dozen American nurses who arrived here as Volunteers two years ago would be the first to tell you that. I think they would also tell you that the challenges we expected have not been the ones we encountered.

Tunisia is an independent country, but the French influence is still very heavy. The hospitals in the city of Tunis seem at first glance very much like large hospitals in the United States—the difference, of course, is in the method of practicing medicine. I think this was a shock for those of us who felt that basic concepts we were taught were recognized throughout the world, and just needed a little nurturing. We soon learned how wrong we were, and in learning other ways we have perhaps gained the most from our Peace Corps work; a myocardial infarction is not treated the same way in every country, even though end results may be the same.

Besides, we soon learned that we were not brought to Tunisia to meet a shortage of manpower in the hospitals, and that made our job harder. In many hospitals, the staff is more than big enough; but the proper utilization of people and equipment is troublesome. The effect can be frustrating for the American nurse who has been taught to prize efficiency, diligence, and organizational ability.

Most nurses in Tunisia are men, but the government wishes they were not. The emphasis now is on girls' following nursing as a career. There are nursing schools in Tunisia with excellent teachers and classes. But until recently the Tunisian woman has been restricted largely to the home and her conversion into a career girl will be a slow process. We Volunteers hope to be of some help by raising the status of nursing as an acceptable life for young women.

At my hospital, a large institution in Tunis, the capital, I work in a medical unit with a capacity of 47 men patients. All our beds are usually full. The hospital has all the services offered in a hospital of similar size in the U.S.: obstetrics, blood bank, laboratory, outpatient clinics, and surgical and medical units. Although our equipment may not be the most modern, it is sufficient and adequate. On our service (mainly cardiology), we have recently acquired the necessary equipment for cardiac catheterization.

Where—if there are no serious shortages of staff or equipment—lies our job as Peace Corps nurses? The way in which we can be of perhaps the most value is in bringing a little of the idea of "patient-centered nursing" to Tunisia. This is a rather vague concept and is carried out in as many different ways as there are nursing Volunteers. The idea is that the patient should be the focal point of nursing activities.

I live with three other Volunteers in an Arab section of Tunis where I'm sure no American has ever lived. At first the merchants in the many shops could hardly believe that we actually lived near them. Now, we buy everything from yogurt to instant coffee in these shops.

Tunisians generally have had little contact with Americans, and so they mostly think at first we are German—not French, since French is obviously not our first language. When we tell them that we are Americans, they become very excited since they "like" Americans. This attitude is a result of the ties between President Bourguiba and the U.S. Tunisians follow events in the U.S. very closely, and many times we get news from our friends before we receive it from the usual sources. This occurred at the time of President Kennedy's death. The Tunisians felt his death very deeply and treated us as if one of our relatives had died.

200-Year-Old House

Our house is about 200 years old and has carved ceilings taken from a 300-year-old mosque. To find it, you must walk through dark, narrow passages. Our route homeward is marked by countless greetings in French and Arabic.

Joan Bargman (Hector, Minn.), post-operative nurse at Hospital Ernest Conseil, Tunis, adjusts intravenous feeding apparatus for mother with child.

Volunteer Nurses Sandra Harrison (Statesboro, Ga.), left, and Bernadette Piezza (Chicago) live in traditional Arab house in Tunis medina, the native quarter.

Hôpital Habib Thameur is across town from our house. We commute on public transportation or, in nice weather, on bicycles.

There are six of us at this hospital, and 12 other Volunteers in three other hospitals and a school for the blind here in the capital. Five other Peace Corps nurses work outside Tunis.

Work starts at 7 a.m. for most of us, and we work an eight-hour day in either one shift or a split shift. On my all-male (nurses and patients) service, I am greeted eagerly in French and Arabic. The greeting is very important to Tunisians, and we spend a lot of time each morning in inquiring about each other's well being. The American "hi" has had to go. Although French is the medical language, Arabic is the common tongue. We Volunteers have picked up some Arabic on the job, and in addition are studying it three nights a week.

Few of us have seen, or will see any great changes brought about by our work in the Tunisian hospitals. We haven't reorganized Tunisian nursing, or even one medical service, for that matter. But we hope we have left some idea of what American-style nursing is like. Perhaps we have helped to elevate the position of the female nurse in the eyes of Tunisians. We believe we have left a favorable impression with our patients, and here we find our greatest satisfaction.

We have formed many lasting friendships with Tunisian nurses, men and women. I think we would all agree that what we are gaining from this experience far outweighs what we are doing for Tunisia.

A Trip to Terrains Impracticables

Ross Burkhardt, of Central Valley, N.Y., graduated from Dartmouth in 1962 with an A.B. in geography. In summer jobs, he has worked with a road-survey crew and as an office boy and a lifeguard. In 1961 he was in Germany with the Experiment in International Living.

By Ross Burkhardt

I work as a physical-education instructor in the Village d'Enfants in Zaghouan. My duties include training teams and entering them in competition in Tunis, 30 miles to the north. I recall a recent Friday when, in the early morning, the team players knocked on my door for volleyballs and basketballs to warm up for their matches, to be held that afternoon.

Uncomprehendingly, I struggled out of bed, plodded over to the gym, handed out some balls, and returned to bed for another hour of sleep. It was the Islamic month of Ramadan and sleep was a precious quantity. Muslims fast during the daylight hours, then eat at sunset and again later on in the night. My co-worker, Bouahmed Fezzani, was observing Ramadan, and for reasons of curiosity, convenience, and "face," so was I. We regularly ate our second meal at 1 a.m., losing a bit of sleep and retiring on stomachs full of couscous, the national dish.

That Friday midmorning found me distributing uniforms and sneakers. Four matches were scheduled: Junior Volleyball at 2 p.m., Cadet Basketball at 2:45 p.m., Cadet Handball at 3 p.m., Junior Basketball at 3:30 p.m. We had only 14 pairs of sneakers and would have to juggle them to assure the starting lineups of footwear. The volleyballers would transfer their shoes to the handballers, and the two basketball teams, playing one after another, would share seven pairs. Such shortages were minor delights which made our work far more interesting.

Lunchtime came for those students who were "fah-ter." The majority were, like Fezzani and me, "si-em," or fasting. Although the school discouraged fasting, it did not forbid the practice. I was supervising the meal when Fezzani entered the dining room. The look on his face told me something was wrong.

"There is no bus for Tunis," he mumbled. "The requisition slip didn't arrive at the Ministry Bus Depot in time." The possibility of forfeiting four games hastened us into town in hopes of renting a truck to replace the bus. It began raining as Fezzani and I stood near the café venting our sentiments towards any and all bureaucracy. We finally convinced a farmer that he wanted to drive to Tunis. Packing 17 boys into the back of his pickup truck (we would forfeit volleyball, for we could not arrive on time; the 17 players represented the bare minimum with no reserves for one handball match and two basketball games), we drove off at top speed in the grey downpour.

The weather had cleared up by the time we arrived, but I noticed a strange calm about the Parc du Sport. Then we saw the sign: MATCHES ANNULLES—TERRAINS IMPRACTICABLES. I shuddered: was it disappointment at having done so much, only to find the games rained out, or was it relief on finding we would not have to play shorthanded?

At dispensary in Tunis medina, where they work, nurses Jean Boris (cap), of Detroit, and Sandra Ketner, of Kansas City, Kan., watch prescription prepared.

Time for a Tour

We decided to let the boys tour Tunis and told them to be back at 5 p.m. Departure time came, and with it the slow-building hunger one feels after a day without food or water. Some boys were late, and we didn't leave Tunis until 5:20. Since the sun set at 5:50, we would be on the road and putting in 20 minutes' overtime for Ramadan. Hunger made speed a feature of our return journey, and we reached the turnoff to Zaghouan ahead of schedule.

At this point, we ran out of gas. It was a beautiful sunset, but who had food to eat? No cars passed; everyone was home eating. Rain fell; the wind blew furiously. An hour passed, and finally a car coming from Tunis took

one of the players to Zaghouan to send back gas. But it didn't come. Another hour, and the driver, happy to go, went off in another passing car to seek aid. Another hour passed. The rain stopped but the cold numbed us. A truck coming from Zaghouan brought two gallons of gas. "Next stop Zaghouan," I yelled, reaching for the gas cap. It was locked and the driver had taken the key. The night suddenly seemed darker. Then the driver appeared, and we were back in Zaghouan 20 minutes later.

Fezzani and I ate at 10 p.m. The couscous never tasted better.

Volunteer Jerry Fite (Dadeville, Mo.) leads exercises at Village d'Enfants at Mellegue. Villages house orphans and children whose parents can't care for them.

This building at the Bourguiba Village at El Ouidiane was transformed into a gymnasium by the boys, their teachers, and six Volunteers. They borrowed jackhammers and air compressor to break up big blocks of concrete that once held mining machinery. Government allotted $287 for supplies; final bills came to $284.50.

Volunteer mechanic Marvin Hart (North Haven, Conn.) looks on while Tunisian coworker does brazing job with oxyacetylene torch in technique he learned from Hart.

Hammer, Wrench Were Not Enough

Phillip Delfeld (Brownsville, Wis.) graduated in 1947 from high school in Lomira, Wis. He has worked as a foreman in a machine-products company and as a set-up and operations man in a tool-and-die company. For two years before entering the Peace Corps he was a layout inspector for an engine company.

By Phillip Delfeld

Our stay in Tunisia has confronted us with an unusual problem. We are living in a sophisticated culture bordering on being an embarrassment to the Peace Corps. On arrival we found beautiful Mediterranean beaches, up-to-the-minute transportation facilities, and good Arabic and French restaurants. Except in a few isolated instances, living accommodations were nearly equal to our standards back home. The great question was, "Why have we come to this highly developed country?"

Time put things in another perspective as we found that we would have our hands full without half trying. Our division of the Public Works Department was well equipped with modern road machinery and a modern shop for its maintenance. The problem here was that the machinery had been maintained by foreigners before Tunisia's independence and the Tunisian workers lacked the training to keep it up.

With a few rough spots here and there, we gradually got our group into motion, most of us going into the field to perform light repairs and preventive maintenance. Out in the country we eventually learned why we had been requested to come here.

There we found men trying to maintain equipment with little more than a hammer and an adjustable wrench. They were diligent about changing oil and greasing, but they had little knowledge of other maintenance procedures. Because of breakdowns, the actual working hours per machine was low.

In decreasing the downtime of ma-

chinery we may have made our greatest contribution. We were often frustrated in trying to put across our ideas. Much of the time the frustrations resulted from our lack of language or our lack of patience with a poorly-educated coworker; we seemed to be making little progress. But as the end of our service draws near, we can sense that the machines are putting in a more productive work week, with less time *en panne*.

Most of us feel regret in going home. The Tunisians are friendly and openhearted. The climate is unsurpassed, and the "Med" is even better than travel brochures illustrate. The Volunteers will miss each other's uniqueness—how often do you find a well-shaven fellow who has used only one razor blade during two full years?

Most of us feel that we could have accomplished much more under better conditions, but, in a body, we agree that we would do it all over again.

A Taxing Flexibility

Flexibility—an overworked word for many Peace Corps Volunteers—won the day for one Tunisian Volunteer last year, as he filed his income-tax return.

John Sanders (Camden, Ark.) found himself last spring without the proper Internal Revenue Service forms. So he made up his own—the "African short form 1040," as he called it.

IRS officials in Little Rock, Ark., received the one-page return, and although they noted it was the first homemade return they could recall, it was accepted because it contained all the necessary information.

In one column, headed I GOT, Sanders listed the money he had earned in 1962—$135.97 from an Arkansas construction company and $229.50 from the Peace Corps.

In a second column, headed YOU GOT, he showed the taxes withheld by each employer. The total was $20.80.

Then he wrote I SHOULD GET, with an arrow pointing to the $20.80 figure, indicating that he should receive that sum as a rebate because his total income for 1962 was less than $600.

Underneath the little chart, Sanders added: "No wife, kids, animals, few friends."

Sanders' unique return drew a response from Mortimer M. Caplin, U.S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who praised his "ingenuity and resourcefulness." Caplin said, "We all appreciated and enjoyed your 'African Short Form 1040.' I have felt all along that our forms could be simplified and you have blazed a path for us all to follow—although I suspect our Chief Forms Designer may never recover from this experience."

Tunisian mechanics reassemble a crawler-tractor transmission under the guidance of Volunteer Glenn Wilson (in glasses) of Taopi, Minn. Wilson is experienced in the operation and maintenance of heavy construction equipment.

Irrigation and pumping system at Sidi Bou Rouis Agricultural School is explained to Mark Angeli (left) of Iron Mountain, Mich., and Gerhart Wehrbein of Burchard, Neb., by Ben Abda, the farm manager. Thirteen Volunteers work with U.N. Food & Agricultural Organization program in experimental farms and agricultural schools in Tunisia.

Promise of a Fruitful Friendship

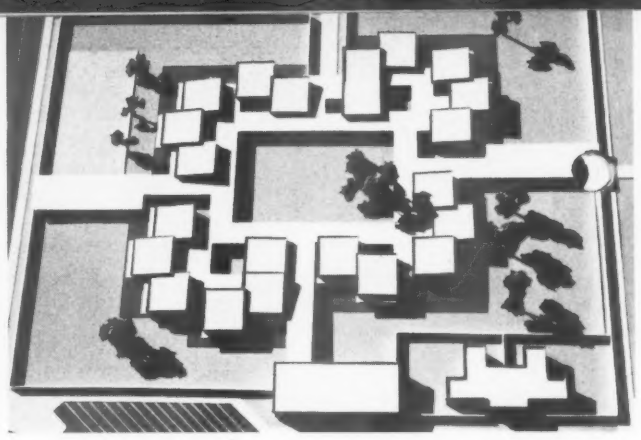
Under the title "Fruitful Friendship," the Tunisian newspaper Al-Amal, *organ of the ruling Neo-Destour (New Constitution) political party, wrote on Jan. 5, 1964:*

"The effort made by President Kennedy to create this army of peace—a contingent of which we have seen working seriously and sincerely here in Tunisia—was successful and appropriate. He intended to make aid take its genuine shape—the shape of personified, conceivable, and well-understood friendship, apt to develop with time, problems, and circumstances, while affecting and being affected by the trends and tendencies of the American people themselves.

"Perhaps this is the greatest achievement of the American government during the last 20 years. Above everything else, it indicated an urgent American desire to break through that blockade surrounding the American mentality which had prevented it from understanding the world, its peoples and events. It also demonstrated a worthy determination to let the genuine intentions of the American people be known around the world.

"It is not strange, then, to see that effort result in strengthening of friendship and the enhancing of mutual understanding between the American people and the peoples benefitting from this aid. It is also not strange to predict continuity and expansion for this army of peace. It is a positive deed."

Model of dormitory for boys boarding at city school was designed by Donald Watson for a garden-court campus setting.



Grammar school for 800 students, designed by Jacques Ullman. Shed roofs are oriented to minimize strong south light.

Demolition outside mosque in medina of Sousse was undertaken to clear land for a plaza in Myles Weintraub's plan.

Solid Building Must Have Firm Foundation

Volunteer Leader Jacques Ullman was born in Paris and lived there for five years before being brought to the U.S. He has lived in New York and Connecticut, and for the past 16 years his home has been in Portola Valley, Cal. He earned a liberal-arts degree from Columbia in 1957, and a bachelor-of-architecture degree from the University of California in Berkeley in 1962. Before joining the Peace Corps, he worked during school semesters and vacations as a draftsman for several architects.

By Jacques Ullman

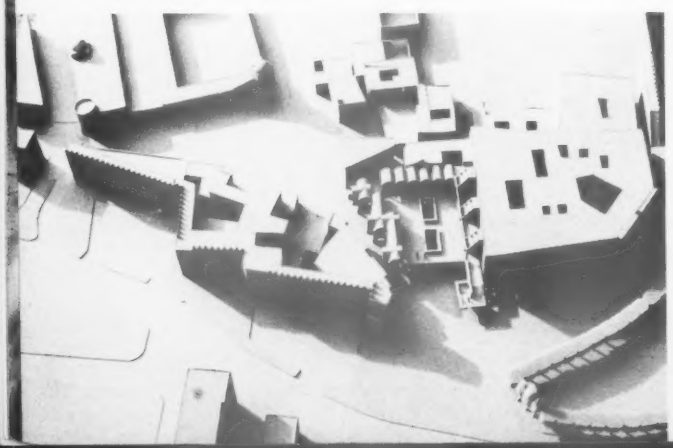
Twelve architects and one city-planner arrived in Tunis on Aug. 15, 1962, as part of the first group of Volunteers in Tunisia. We landed at noon, and the summer sun was bearing down with full force on the asphalt and the little white buildings of El Ouina Airport. Our eyes having adjusted to this bright light, we entered a dark room unable to see a thing, and we were confronted by a long line of hands reaching out to greet us. We felt our way down the receiving line, slightly bewildered. We stayed that way for several months.

Our Peace Corps experience had begun more than two months before at Indiana University with the other trainees of the Tunisia I project: heavy-equipment mechanics, physical-education instructors, and specialists in building trades.

For the first few weeks we stayed in Tunis in a dormitory at the Cité Universitaire. We worked for half the day in private architectural offices, and the rest of the time attended a few lectures, studied Arabic, and painfully waited for our stomachs to adjust to the new diet. After this in-country training, we were given our assignments and sent off in different directions.

The Public Works Department is divided into five regional offices—Sfax, Sousse, Le Kef, Tunis, and Bizerte. We sent two architects to each of these *arrondissements*, as the divisions are called, and the remaining two, including me, stayed with the central office in Tunis. The city-planner was assigned to work with the Bureau Quarroni, an Italian architectural office which has a city-planning office in Tunis responsible for

Shops, cafe, terraces are shown in scale model for medina of Sousse designed by Myles Weintraub (see photo above).



Shops go up for market place designed by Volunteer Architect George Whitney for the village of Bekalta, near Sousse.

Rural school designed by Watson lowered ceilings, improved light, and cut cost by 12 percent over the previous design.

Volunteers Ullman (left) and David Hanchett (right) look on with colleague as draftsman works on building drawings.

the creation of a master plan for Tunis.

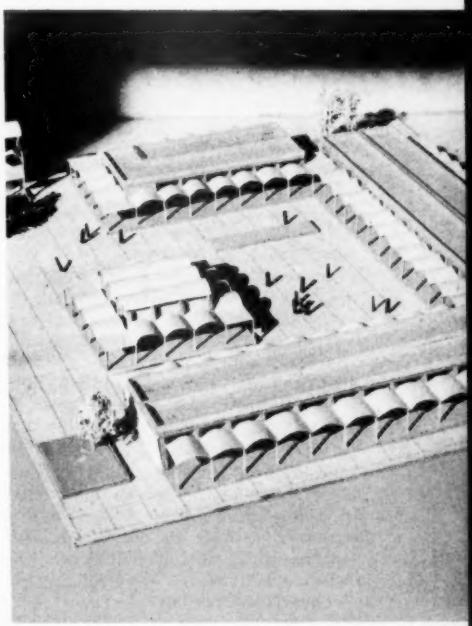
For the first six months I shared an office with a Bulgarian architect. We became good friends and had many involved discussions. In intense arguments, we relived the U-2 incident, the Cuban crisis, and the Bulgarian purges, but we remained friends. I think each of us learned a good deal about how things operate on the other's side of the Iron Curtain. Contrary to the comments in several American newspaper articles on our project, most of us Volunteers have had the opportunity to work with Bulgarian technicians and have found it a rewarding experience. There has been very little competitive spirit, but rather one of co-operation.

I was teamed with another Volunteer architect, David Hanchett (Ticonderoga, N.Y.), under an Italian architect, Marcello Zamperini, a few years my senior. We have since established a very close partnership, criticizing each other's work and doing several projects together. We now no longer work at the central office but have been assigned to a new subdivision of the Tunis *arrondissement*.

The subdivision is headed by a very energetic and intelligent Tunisian. He has two secretaries, two associates, and one assistant. There are the three of us architects, three young draftsmen, and a model builder.

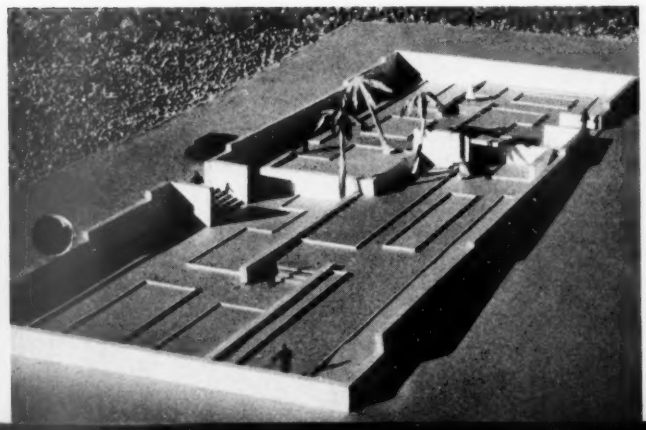
The major responsibility of our subdivision is the construction of a new satellite city of public, low-cost housing called Nouveau Melassine, just north of Tunis. The master plan was done by the Bureau Quarroni, along with the basic plan for three of the housing types. The section now under construction (in February it was about half-finished) includes 500 one-story units of five different types. Spaces are left open for two- and four-story units to be built later. The three of us have been responsible for the design of two of the single-level house plans, the four-story units, most of the housing for the future sections, all the construction details, and detailed site planning. We have also designed the commercial center, which includes a produce market, shops, a cafe, and an administrative center containing a post office, police station, and youth center.

I have personally been responsible for the design of a grammar school for 800 students with cafeteria and housing for two directors, a kindergarten of four classrooms and cafeteria, the café, one of the one-story house plans, another one-story house plan done in collaboration with Zamperini, and another one-story house to be used in the next section. We have been supervising the construction



Model for new market place designed by Donald Watson provides desired open space, improving pedestrian traffic-flow.

This model of a public garden is one of several designs of Volunteer John Sanders. He has also worked on house plans.



Building for exhibition and sale of Tunisian arts and crafts was designed by Volunteer Hanchett for the city of Monastir.

from the beginning, controlling the quality of the work very carefully, seeing that the plans are interpreted correctly, and trying to set standards of workmanship.

I have also collaborated with Zamperini on a low-cost housing development in Sfax which includes 450 units. The history of this project illustrates many of the problems we faced here; they are not unlike those faced by architects elsewhere.

Low-Cost Design

We were asked to design a house that would include only one room and a covered, outdoor kitchen and toilet. We were to keep the cost down to as close to 300 dinars ($720) as possible. In addition, we were to offer the possibility of two future extensions of one room each. A Bulgarian architect at the *arrondissement* in Sfax was assigned to supervise the construction and handle all local problems. We were, in effect, absentee architects. The Italian city-planning office for Sfax had earmarked the site for low-cost housing. This was our first experience, so we naturally assumed that all the engineering information sent to us in Sfax was accurate. The chief engineer of Sfax came up to look at our work as it progressed, and we eventually presented the finished project to our superiors. It was approved, and we went down to Sfax with our plans. We worked out several details with the Bulgarian architect, gave him reproducibles of the tracings, and headed back for Tunis.

Since that time, we have never heard a single direct word about the project. Before building began, it was found there was a little more money to spend and a decision was made to divide the one-room house in half, creating two impossibly small spaces. We had oriented the houses to open on a private court, in keeping with traditional habits, but it was decided that the façade should have a large window opening onto the street. Then as construction began, the builders discovered that one-third of the site had unusable soil; houses on that portion had to be placed on an adjoining plot. This completely destroyed the rhythm of open and closed spaces that we had created along the streets.

The center portion of the site had been left open for a future commercial center with pedestrian access focussing on it. It was decided that it would be nice to build a few more houses, so why not use up that open space in the middle? It probably won't be realized until the houses are occupied that people who have no automobiles will need a nearby place to buy food, and then it will no longer be possible to integrate the necessary commercial center with the housing development.

When we were training at Indiana, Tunisia seemed far away, and we were full of enthusiasm about going to help an underdeveloped country. We naïvely thought that we were very much wanted and that work would be waiting for us in abundance. The literature provided by the Peace Corps on this project led me to believe that there were almost no architects in the country. The fact is, however, that there are easily 30 architects working privately in Tunisia. About half of them are Tunisian, and most of the other half Frenchmen who have been here for some time, and it is to them that most of the large projects are given. In addition, there are approximately 10 other architects of other nationalities working directly for the Public Works Department just as we are, and I have not mentioned the 15 Italian architects who run the five city-planning offices for the *arrondissements*. One can easily see that Tunisia would not go into ruin without us.

Nevertheless, in two years here every Peace Corps architect has managed to see at least one project built, and for a young architect, this accomplishment isn't so bad. Certainly, dealing with the many problems has been very good training, and we have had a chance to develop our design ability. We have had more responsibility than we would have had at home, though our projects have been fairly modest in scale. Most of them have been schools, housing of several types, farmers' markets, public gardens, and public baths. In no way do I regret having come here, but I think a more realistic idea of what to expect will protect future Volunteers from disappointments that might cripple their enthusiasm and reduce their effectiveness. There isn't time in two years for us to train Tunisians to be architects, but we have gained much satisfaction from training young Tunisians to be good draftsmen. This is something very few of the other foreign architects have had patience to do, and it does take patience.

Our Peace Corps training in the U.S. lacked some elements that we now feel are necessary for any future programs. Because ours was a pioneer program, neither the Peace Corps nor the training institution was totally familiar with training requirements. The architecture group received very little technical training other than a very fine three days spent with the West Coast architect Ezra Ehrenkrantz. The fact remains, however, that any group of professionals—doctors, lawyers, or architects—preparing to go to a strange part of the world can use technical briefing. It took us about three months to begin to be effective here, and this time might have been cut down considerably by better training.

Plans and documentation on Tunisian building methods also would have been helpful. The Tunisian Public Works Department might have been asked to send a schedule of the types of projects we would be doing. This would not only have helped us prepare ourselves for the projects, but it would have encouraged the Public Works Department to organize in advance its thinking as to how it would use us. Practice in the metric system, examples of the typical construction details, and lectures and readings on the traditions in Arab houses and other structures are examples of other things that might have helped.

Along with our actual work, I think that one of our major missions here is to improve the general use of and attitude toward the profession. We are constantly trying for more accurate programming—for instance, to avoid the sort of thing that happened with the Sfax project I mentioned. We try to surmount the common practice of asking one architect to do a project that has already been done by another. Greater control on the part of the architect over the building of his project is very much needed; making construction changes without consulting the architect should be avoided, but the practice is common. Standard designs are used throughout the country without regard to the specific site or orientation, as unskilled labor can be more fully utilized through repetition, and administration can better predict unit costs.

Making Contribution

But despite our problems, I think that we are making a contribution to the country. In addition to the projects we have worked on, we are often called upon to offer assistance in special problems which deviate from standard knowledge. Through our contact with host administrators, we hope to pave the way for those Tunisians now studying architecture abroad who will be returning with the same ideas and attitudes toward architecture which are now considered strange coming from us. Tunisia plans to have its own architectural training facility by the end of '64 but has requested Peace Corps assistance through the '60s to meet its high-priority building program.

I suspect that Tunisia is rather an atypical Peace Corps country in that it has a well-established bourgeoisie. We architects, at least, work with and live among people who enjoy many of the material comforts we are used to at home. Tunis has its traffic jams, nightclubs, and cafés. The Twist and Bossa Nova are common. Office workers are expected to wear a tie and a clean shirt to work, and owning an automobile is in no way unusual. In other words, there is no question of our living in grass huts. So what is a Peace Corps Volunteer doing here? He is here to work and to set an example.

A Peace Corps Staff Wife Writes About Going Overseas With

'My Sun-Drenched Dream'

PART ONE

Margaret Monroe is the wife of Robert B. Monroe, a Peace Corps staff physician in Ecuador. She was born and reared in Texas, was schooled there, and in 1955 graduated from Midwestern University, Wichita Falls, with a B.A. in English and German. The day after graduation, she married Robert Monroe and while he underwent medical training, Mrs. Monroe worked as a teacher (eighth grade) and as a medical secretary. They spent two years with the U.S. Public Health Service working on Indian reservations in New Mexico and Colorado. They next moved to Seattle, where Dr. Monroe entered private practice. Dr. Monroe joined the Peace Corps staff in 1962. He and Mrs. Monroe have three young sons.

By Margaret Monroe

The role of an overseas staff wife is a peculiar one: she has responsibility without recognition and duties without definition. In a single day she may do several hours of typing to help out a hard-working staff secretary, take an official visitor from Washington on a flying tour of the town, meet an incoming sick Volunteer and drive him to a doctor, take a travelling Peace Corps Representative out to the airport, and on five minutes' notice have two or three Volunteers as luncheon guests. On a typical day the husband would be out of town, and the wife would have to cope with food-buying, bill-paying, and her own charity projects as well as to act as both parents for the children of the house.

I didn't visualize any of this frenzied round of activities when my husband and I first made contact with the Peace Corps and started separating ourselves from our life in the States. In the two months before my husband's contract took effect, we were too busy and too bewitched with the idea of living overseas to project ourselves into the future. My husband arranged to leave his medical practice, we terminated the lease on our house, and we began twice-weekly Spanish lessons. To complicate matters, I came to realize during this period that I was pregnant. This child—our third—would be born in the country to which we were assigned, but even that disconcerting prospect seemed to evaporate with the magic words, "Peace Corps—South America." My mental picture was that of a warm, gold-washed country of sunshine and singing, the children and I seated under palm trees eating mangoes and chattering effortlessly in Spanish. Occasionally in this exotic vision, a Volunteer would appear and he was always a bright-eyed, idealistic Superyouth doing incredibly good and brave things among the poor.

It was probably well that I had this shining vision to sustain me through the next four months, because without it I might have given up any number of times. The first blow was a two-month separation from my husband. Probably 99 per cent of new staff wives undergo a similar experience. Bob, my husband, went first to Washington and then to one of the Peace Corps training camps in Puerto Rico, leaving me alone in Seattle with our two sons, aged three and one. I had a staggering amount of work to do, not only the petty details of moving—bills, discontinuing all kinds of services, disposition of furniture and goods—but also the multiplicity of matters connected with going overseas to live. There were shots, passports, and—worst of all—purchasing. I pored for hours over reports from various Latin American countries and consulted people who had lived there; I ended up with voluminous lists of things I had to buy. Bit by bit I chopped away at these lists and one by one got the other things done, keeping house, continuing my Spanish lessons, and caring for the children. Trying to persuade our skeptical friends that my husband and I were not crazy was another difficult task, but I had my sun-drenched dream to protect me from their probing questions.

At last everything was ready; I took my final Spanish lesson, supervised the packing of things for overseas shipment and the storage of the things we were leaving behind, and closed the house. The departure date for Ecuador was three weeks away, so I decided to take the children to spend some time with my family in Texas. Then my husband phoned me there from Washington to say that he would be kept a month or longer in Washington and that I was to join him there in a house he had just taken on sublease.

Washington in the summer! It was on one of those warm, sticky evenings that my husband told me that his assignment had been changed—from Quito to Guayaquil, on the coast. I had already heard of the heat and insects that beset Guayaquil during the rainy season. But far more depressing was the endless procession of cold-weather clothing—sweaters, flannel pajamas, and woolen maternity dresses—that marched through my mind waving their price tags. Another bit of news was worse: my husband would go to Ecuador alone to acquaint himself with the country and to find us a house. This last would theoretically save the children and me the trial of an indefinite stay in an Ecuadorian hotel and of yet another move. Besides, our separation would be only two or three weeks at the most, he assured me.

By now I was allowing for delays. One month after Bob's departure, I got tickets for the first available flight to Ecuador. The glittering vision of warmth and sunshine returned in all its splendor; we were on our way at last.

Guayaquil early in the morning was beautiful to my dazzled eyes—fresh, cool, and green. Bob's first news at the airport was probably the same with which almost every staff wife is met: he hadn't yet found a house and he was leaving soon for a three-week trip.

"How soon?" I asked feebly. How soon? Monday—and this was Saturday. I was not to worry, though. He would show me where the market was, and he had told the real-estate agent

how to get in touch with me so that I could take care of the house-hunting. He drove us around Guayaquil, just to give me some idea of the city. The sights and smells were nearly overpowering, and I could only murmur that it looked like a rich source of work for the Volunteers.

There was time for a food-preparation lesson as well. We had been lucky enough to get a temporarily vacant apartment in the U.S. Consulate, thus giving me control over the cooking. Then somehow it was Monday and Bob was gone.

The first week shattered my already tarnished dream of life in exotic South America. Thus, there was plenty of sunshine, and the weather in this cool season was refreshing. But the rest of it. . . . To begin with, I could not understand the language. Coastal Spanish is very fast and spoken without the letter *s*. Usually I could catch an idea of what was being said, but sometimes I understood no more than a few words.

A real disappointment to me was the discovery that I would, after all, have to have a maid. I had earlier decided that having a servant would be most un-Peace Corps-ish and that anyone who could manage a house alone in the States could probably do so anywhere. The first week proved me completely wrong.

There are, for example, no such thing as baby-sitters in Ecuador. The teen-aged Ecuadorian girls we came to know loved to visit our house and play with the children, but they would have considered it an insult if I had asked them to stay for a specific time in full charge of them; this was "servants' work." Having no possibility of obtaining baby-sitters would mean I could not go anywhere alone. Taking trips or long drives would have been equally infeasible because of the possibility of thievery in closed but unguarded houses.

Even the problem of having to stay at home most of the time was nothing compared with the problems of taking the children along when I simply had to go out to pay bills or buy things. The first week of Bob's absence I needed to cash a check. Having no maid and no baby-sitter, I had to take the boys to the bank. I found that by carrying Bruce and keeping a grip of iron on Brian I could successfully dodge through the traffic. This was more difficult than it sounds, since I was now in the seventh month of pregnancy and rather bulky. We reached the bank safely, I convinced an agent that the check would be good, and he gave me a receipt and some instructions. I was to go to Window A where, in exchange for the receipt, I would receive a button with a number. This I was to take to Window B, where I would surrender the button and receive my money in sucres. He made it sound simple, so I started out, still carrying one struggling child under my arm and towing the other behind me. Window A was surrounded by a pushing crowd; there was no line. I stood aghast for a few minutes, and then, seeing no other way, I moved in to fight my way to the window. At first I didn't push quite enough, and two newcomers crowded in front of me. But once I was part of the group, the pressure from the rear propelled me to the window, where I finally managed to change my receipt for a button. By this time, of course, I was carrying both children. Now I fought my way out and over to Window B, where a similar scrimmage was in progress, and eventually I emerged from the bank with my money and a new view about courtesy. Bill-paying involved more or less the same procedure of pushing and crowding, as did also getting tickets at the theater, registering for classes, and obtaining official documents.

Marketing, however, was the decisive factor in the maid-or-no-maid debate. Guayaquil has a supermarket; its merchandising methods leave something to be desired, but the goods are of acceptable quality and, as is unusual outside the United States, everything is in one place; the shopper doesn't have to go to a different store for every kind of goods. I quickly discovered, though, that the supermarket prices were beyond my reach: 50¢ for a small can of peaches, 75¢ for a box of cornflakes, and so on. Bulk shopping there was obviously impossible; the open market was the place to go. Here the Indians came every day from the countryside with fresh fruits and vegetables. Also available were rice, cheeses, eggs, meat, sugar, and flour. The marketing ritual was complicated. The first task was to hire one of the Indian porters who earn their living carrying heavy loads. Once we could arrive at a price (Americans the world over are causes for instant inflation), we could start making the rounds. The Indian farmers put out their fruits and vegetables in piles on the ground. It was necessary to pause and study each collection carefully; then the price would have to be negotiated. One technique is to bid about half the amount asked and then to seek a final cost somewhere between a half and three-quarters of the original asking price. Once the price was set, there remained the job of observing that the amount delivered was adequate in quality and quantity. This was the process with each purchase; it took time, standing out in the hot sun, walking, and counting money carefully. It was, in short, the kind of errand absolutely impossible to undertake with two small boys as companions.

Once the porter—bent under the weight of a week's worth of foodstuffs—and I had reached my home, I still had to clean my food. In this land of few indoor toilets, every drop of water and every square foot of ground must be considered contaminated. Cleaning the food began with scrubbing every surface of every piece of produce with a strong detergent suds and rinsing with boiled water, and ended with soaking in an antiseptic solution or blanching with boiled water, or both.

Other factors, too, required my having domestic help, as I

was to discover later. A major one was the amount of activities involving Volunteers as guests, with the added cooking, laundry, and additional household tsks. There were also minor ones, such as not being able to depend on having electricity all the time, using very few prepared foods, having to pasteurize and strain milk. Home management turned out to be something I simply could not do without help, so help I obtained. Having maids may sound like a luxury ot American housewives unused to them, but adjusting to their presence and their requirements can be taxing.

It was at this point, with my husband still away and my household more or less regulated, that I first experienced culture shock. It usually is a transient feeling of hopelessness and depression which afflicts many persons recently arrived to live in a different culture. With me it took the form of anxiety over the health of my sons. I hung over them every moment, scrubbed their hands mercilessly before meals and at several other times each day, and dissolved into tears when they began to have the inevitable diarrhea. Fortunately, my reaction was a mild one, and my pretending to be cheerful for the children's sake passed imperceptibly and quickly into a real serenity. I now could look forward to meeting the Volunteers for the first time. One section of the first Ecuador group was due to arrive in Guayaquil during the second week of Bob's absence, and I looked forward eagerly to meeting them.

The meeting took place in the *pensión* in which these first Volunteers were lodged for their final two weeks of in-country training. I was invited to dine with them, and I spent most of the evening observing the group and chatting with them singly. There were smiles, jokes, and loud conversations. Someone had a small radio, and the sound of rock-and-roll music underscored the just-kids-from-home atmosphere that prevailed. I kept hearing the faint tinkle of falling glass as a last segment of my dream was destroyed: these pleasant, good-looking Americans had not a vestige of the Superyouth about them. Certainly this was the whole idea of the Peace Corps, however: to send typical Americans, and not highly-trained technicians or geniuses with a humanitarian bent. This part of my dream I relinquished without a quiver, and although I came away with a much different conception of a Peace Corps Volunteer, I felt that I was at last on the right track. That evening, with its accompaniment of loud music and of soft tinkling of falling dream fragments, had seen my final transition from awed idealism to open-eyed realism. I had undergone in the five preceding months a tempering process; now, at least, I was ready to begin.

The First Volunteer House Guest

I did begin, then, when my husband returned from his three weeks in the mountains. He brought with him a Volunteer who was to remain in Guayaquil for two weeks, working on some special project. The young man stayed with us, and so became the first in a series of Volunteer house guests. Most of these visitors have been either ill or recuperating, but many of them have simply been passing through. I frankly admit that their presence was and is a trial for me; it invades family privacy and disturbs domestic routines. It can be expensive, too: some Peace Corps staff people put the monthly cost of entertaining Volunteer guests at around $100—and no expense account covers it, either. For many staff wives, the interruption of the household and the increased food bills are not the sources of complaints concerning Peace Corps life in general, however, but rather a reflection of the apparent all-take and no-give attitude on the part of many Volunteers. One would not expect contributions of food or drink, of course; the limited means of the Volunteer would make this unthinkable. It would not, however, be unreasonable to expect a thank-you note or some small gesture of appreciation after a visit of three or four weeks' duration or a dinner-and-dance party for 50 that runs into the wee hours. These little social touches do seem to be lacking in most of the Volunteers, but of course there are exceptions. I have received three or four thank-you notes in our almost two years with the Peace Corps, and there is a Volunteer who makes a point of dropping by with something for the children when she passes through town. There is even one who takes me to a movie or to a concert or just spends an occasional evening chatting when my husband is out of town. Another Peace Corps physician and his wife received, literally, a roomful of roses on their wedding anniversary. A Peace Corps Representative was given a surprise birthday party in his office. These are exceptions, however, and many staff wives have the feeling that, whatever their virtues, most Volunteers are an ill-bred lot.

This negative side is more than balanced by the positive, however; that is, getting to know the individual Volunteer well. Generalizing about Volunteers is practically impossible. There is no stereotype or no composite Volunteer who could offer a true, representative picture. In this one sense I did find them almost all the same: they are personable and likable, and they mostly make pleasant house guests. Those who have stayed with us for some weeks because of illness have seemed to make a conscious effort to fit into the household. I enjoy our numerous guests very much, sometimes to the point of feeling a real pang when they leave.

The anticipation of these visitors was a big factor in the kind of house my husband and I had in mind, and so when we began looking in earnest for one to rent, we told the agent that it had to have a spare bedroom and bath. We felt that it should be inconspicuous as well, and in a non-American neighborhood. We took a month finding what we wanted; like many other staff families, we learned that we were expected to want a large house near other Americans, who tend to live abroad in colonies. Finally, one day we found a good bet. It was close to the Peace Corps office, and the neighborhood was a strictly Ecuadorian one. It had a separate bedroom and bath as well, so we took it.

The landlord said that the repainting would take a week; it took two. We moved in one afternoon and moved back out the same evening because there was no water. After a total of three weeks' wait, we did move in, and spent most of the day unpacking. Dusk fell quickly, as it does in the tropics, and we began turning on lights. As I plugged in and turned on the third lamp there was a pop; a fuse had blown. The maid and I went out to check the fusebox in the garage, and she replaced

the burned fuse with a good one and turned the current back on. As she did, there was another pop, a flash of light, and a loud scream from Brian. He was standing in the breezeway under the porch light. The jar of the second exploding fuse had blown off a small piece of the lamp fixture, and it fell right on his head. Ordinarily it would not have upset him much, but in the turmoil of moving, he had become overtired and so fell into a paroxysm of crying and screaming. Within minutes, two sets of our new neighbors, followed by their children and servants, appeared at our gate. They surrounded me immediately, all talking at once. I finally made out what they were saying. Seeing that I was pregnant, they first assumed that I was in labor. I was told to be calm; each of them knew two or three competent doctors and would take me to them at once. I explained in my halting Spanish what had happened, with many gestures and several English words in gramatically complicated parts, and finally achieved a sort of supra-language rapport. There followed introductions and more explanations and much handshaking and embracing. Within minutes one of the neighbors had brought a flashlight and located the trouble; we had electricity again, Brian was getting enough comforting to calm a dozen hot, tired little boys—and we had been warmly received into our new neighborhood.

I was doubly glad of this friendly feeling in the following week, when we had our first experience with unrest as drivers of busses, trucks, and independent taxicabs went on strike. After some street disturbances, Guayaquil quieted down. But it was a different place. The normal activity of the sidewalks—shoeshine boys, children playing in the dirt, people just sitting and talking, women going on errands, Indians trotting quietly along, vendors selling their goods—all these disappeared behind closed doors. School and business were suspended, and the heads of houses scurried to lay in a week's supply of food and milk. On the advice of my neighbors, I did the same. The strike lasted a week and ended abruptly. It was a distinct relief to return to "normality" even if, for me this meant continuing to adjust to a completely new life. There was a constant flow of Volunteers in and out of the house; I was getting out to know the neighbors and trying to help the children understand what was going on. Whereas I could undestand a little Spanish, the children were completely baffled, having no idea at all of the existence of other languages. The answer to my own dilemma was provided by a neighbor. She came over for two hours every morning, and we spent half the time on her English and the other half on my Spanish. She usually brought some or all of her five children with her, and as I laboriously conjugated irregular verbs, my children were learning by playing games with Jaime, Marcelo, Cecelia, Brenda, and Guillermo. Often all seven would swarm out of our yard and settle down to watch TV in another house, or go to visit a neighbor family with four girls, a big yard, and a combination seesaw and merry-go-round.

Adjusting took time; it was difficult. A week after we moved in, the boys were invited to a neighborhood birthday party. In ignorance of the Latin conception of 4 o'clock, we appeared at the specified time and so were an hour early. Eventually other guests began arriving, until the little house was literally crammed with children, parents, and nursemaids. My own children were the only gringos there, and they were soon surrounded by a mass of little Ecuadorians and larger Ecuadorians, all chattering at them and trying to get them to talk and play. The room was hot and noisy, and Brian and Bruce reached their breaking point very quickly. In spite of the charms of a beautifully decorated cake, a small mountain of presents, two piñatas, and various favors for the guests, the two little gringos were soon reduced to tears, and I had to take them home. This kind of frustration and irritation gradually gave way to settled domestic routine and growing knowledge of Spanish, however, and it was not long before Brian and Bruce were happily adjusting to life in Guayaquil. *(concluded in next issue)*

Staff Wives' In-Country Travel

Under a new policy, the Peace Corps will pay in-country travel expenses of overseas staff wives when they travel for specific Peace Corps assignments either alone or with their husbands, Sargent Shriver has announced.

Shriver said that the new policy was part of the answer to a problem of long standing: "How to utilize more effectively one of our best natural resources, the Peace Corps wife."

The Peace Corps has since its start employed without compensation overseas staff wives who had expert qualifications and experience which were needed by the Peace Corps overseas; for example, registered nurses. The Peace Corps has paid their transportation expenses and a per diem in connection with in-country travel occasioned by needs for their expert services.

Experience in these cases and other evidence from overseas have led the Peace Corps to conclude that, by paying travel expenses, other staff wives can assist the Peace Corps program in specific assignments such as counselling Volunteers, filling in for staff members in making periodic visits to Volunteer sites, assisting in future programming check-outs of proposed Volunteer jobs, and, where qualified, performing expert services in nursing, teaching, or some other skill.

Such travel is authorized whenever necessary and carried out solely for the benefit of the Peace Corps.

Shriver has reaffirmed the policy permitting staff wives to take language lessons at Peace Corps expense, both before and after going overseas. He added that wives are still being encouraged to attend training programs, at Peace Corps expense, both in the U.S. and overseas.

"We are constantly searching for better ways to manage the Peace Corps and keep it 'humanized,'" Shriver told staff wives. "If you have any suggestions, I would be most grateful to hear from you."

Selections From Monthly Bulletin

Career Possibilities Are Listed For Home-Bound Volunteers

Opportunities for returning Volunteers are listed in a monthly bulletin prepared by the Peace Corps Volunteer Career Information Service, and sent regularly to Volunteers completing service this year. Volunteers about to terminate have been asked to return registration cards in order to be advised individually. Inquiries should be addressed to the Peace Corps Volunteer Career Information Service, Room 601, 1815 H St. N.W., Washington, D. C. 20006. Following is a selection from the current bulletin:

Education

University of Minnesota is offering 10 tuition scholarships, each to be supplemented by a grant of $350 for graduate study beginning this fall. These scholarships and grants will be carried forward for five years. Applicants must aspire to careers in government overseas service or in college teaching. The area of specialization is unlimited. Applicants must also have earned a B.A. from the University of Minnesota or, having earned a B.A. elsewhere, must have successfully completed a Peace Corps training program at Minnesota. Although the application deadline is normally Feb. 1, during the first year of awards, applications may be sent in later. Candidates must also submit a letter of recommendation from their Peace Corps Representative or Deputy Representative, and a personal letter outlining (a) duties and accomplishments during overseas service, (b) career plans, and (c) proposed graduate program. Write to the Graduate School Fellowship Office, 314 Johnston Hall, Minneapolis 14, Minn.

The University of Cincinnati is offering financial assistance to returning Volunteers. The Graduate School will reserve a fellowship for a Volunteer to study toward a degree in science. The fellowship will include remission of tuition and fees and a cash stipend, the amount of which will depend upon the financial need of the recipient. All applications for this award must be received by the Graduate School Office by June 15, 1964. All inquiries should be directed to Campbell Crockett, Dean of the Graduate School, University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, O. 45221. The university will offer remission of tuition for undergraduate study to returning Volunteers who meet admission standards. The award will be for one academic year, and may be renewed. For undergraduate information, write to the Central Admissions Office, University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, O. 45221.

Stanford University: A professor in the Graduate School of Business has sponsored a $2000 fellowship for a returning Volunteer. The award is available for the 1964-65 academic year. Applicants should write Nathaniel Allyn, Director of Admissions, Graduate School of Business, Stanford University, Stanford, Cal., as soon as possible.

The University of North Carolina has established two first-year fellowships for returning Volunteers for graduate study in 1965-66. The awards are for any field of study and carry a stipend of $2100 plus tuition and fees. The application deadline is Feb. 1, 1965. Applicants should indicate clearly that they are returned Peace Corps Volunteers. Write Hugh Holman, Dean of the Graduate School, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Oberlin College has established a special award for a returning Volunteer interested in working toward a master of arts in teaching at the elementary or secondary level next academic year. The application deadline is normally Apr. 1, but, during the first year of the program, applications may be sent in later, but admissions will depend on the availability of intern teaching positions. For information, write Frank Laycock, Director, Master of Arts in Teaching Program, Oberlin College, Oberlin, O.

Business

The Procter & Gamble Co. has positions for returning Volunteers with B.A. or B.S. degrees. Fields open include sales management, advertising, brand management, data processing, financial and accounting management, industrial traffic management, industrial purchasing, market research and development, engineering, manufacturing, industrial engineering, and overseas operations. Write to R. N. Stevenson, Manager, Recruiting Co-ordination, Procter & Gamble Co., Box 599, Cincinnati, O.

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. is interested in returning Volunteers who want employment in industry in the U. S. Opportunities exist for college graduates who are interested in management and professional careers, research and development, and manufacturing fields in more than 25 locations. Interested Volunteers should write, indicating their areas of work interest and geographic preference, to Duane MacDonald, Personnel Relations, College Employment Section, American Telephone & Telegraph Co., 195 Broadway, New York 17, N. Y.

Addison-Wesley Publishing Co., international division, has two openings for returning men Volunteers. One position is for a manager of the Latin American desk; the other is for a Latin American representative. The desk manager will work out of Boston and will be responsible for sales promotion, manuscript procurement, and all details pertaining to the sales and editorial program for Latin America. About a third of his time will be spent travelling to universities and bookstores in his area. Qualifications include fluent Spanish and a B.A. degree. The Latin American representative will travel throughout South America, serving as liaison with publishers. Qualifications include a B.A. degree and fluent Spanish and Portuguese. For further information, write Miss Patricia Gruenwald, Manager of Rights and Promotion, International Division, Addison-Wesley Publishing Co., Reading, Mass.

Arthur Young & Co., an international firm of certified public accountants, seeks returning Volunteers who have a B.A. degree in accounting. Overseas opportunities are available on a career basis for persons who obtain CPA status. The company would also like to hear from Volunteers, regardless of undergraduate background, who are considering the field of professional accounting or who may be contemplating graduate study in business. A summary of education and work experience should be sent to Thomas Flynn, Arthur Young & Co., 165 Broadway, New York 16, N. Y.

Other

American Field Service seeks returning Volunteers for positions as correspondents who keep in touch with some 40-50 foreign students studying in the U. S. and with local AFS chapters. Correspondents meet with students and occasionally escort them to and from their homelands. Write to Miss Sally Howells, American Field Service, 313 E. 43rd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Accion, a private community-development program, seeks returning Volunteers for a variety of positions. Opportunities are available for continued voluntary service, beginning June-August, 1964, for field administrators who direct Accion projects, and for office administrators who provide support for field activities and work with government agencies, the business community, and local citizens. Accion is currently working in Venezuela but plans to expand in Latin America. For further information, write to Gary Glenn, ACCION, Box 27, Cambridge, Mass.

The Free Public Library of New Haven, Conn. seeks one or two persons with community-service or group-work experience and skills to staff a new demonstration center in a mixed urban neighborhood. The goal of the project is to find new ways of bringing ideas and information to bear on the solution of individual and community problems. Salary ranges from $5500 to $8000, depending upon applicant's training and experience. Write Meredith Bloss, City Librarian, New Haven Free Public Library, 133 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. 06510.

Federal Service Entrance Examination

The U. S. Civil Service Commission, as a convenience to returning Peace Corps Volunteers, is conducting the Federal Service Entrance Examination at various overseas points. Persons who qualify may be considered for trainee positions at the entrance level in 60 different career fields in various federal agencies and geographical locations. The President's Executive Order 11103 simplifies the route of entry for qualified Peace Corps Volunteers. The Volunteer needs only a passing score, assuming he is otherwises qualified, in order to be considered for appointment. He does not have to compete with other examinees throughout the United States. Copies of the FSEE announcement and sample test questions have been sent to Peace Corps Representatives in most countries. Volunteers should notify their Representatives if they would like to take this exam overseas. Representatives, in turn, will inform Volunteers where and when the exam will be given.

"The Peace Corps has worked wonders down here."

—Publishers Newspaper Syndicate

"Something is Happening on the Campus"

U.S. Students Take Action on Nation's Problems

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By James Reston

LANSING, Mich.—The Peace Corps idea is spreading fast. Nine countries are now sending their young men and women into the world to help the poor countries, and a spontaneous volunteer student movement is also working quietly and effectively among the underpivileged children in our own cities.

The Student Education Corps here at Michigan State University is merely one of many illustrations of this movement in the U.S.

It started over a year ago on the assumption that serious college undergraduates might be able to help the harassed and overworked teachers in the poor districts of Lansing, Pontiac, and other cities within 100 miles of the Michigan State campus.

They had no money from the university of the state, but a few of them reasoned that they might be able to deal with some of the worst of the kids who came from broken homes and had no incentive to get an education.

Now about 200 of these young college students go out as assistants to the slum school teachers several times a week. Some of them take on the backward pupils. Others work with the bright ones who are held back by the drones. A few go around the state with a "Career Caravan" illustrating the kinds of jobs available to students who do their work.

But the main thing is not so much to help the young laggards with their work, but to make friends with them and thus provide good examples that are not available in many homes.

The movement has now arrested the admiration of Gov. George Romney. He addressed a meeting of teachers from all over the state here this week to introduce the leaders of the Student Education Corps to a wider audience, and there is evidence that the movement will grow.

Like the Peace Corps, the student volunteers go only where they are invited. Any school within reasonable range of the university can get them to help if it will only pay eight cents a mile to bring a carload of undergraduates from the campus.

Nobody gets paid for the work, but David Gottlieb and Sandra A. Warden, who direct the corps, testify not only that they get all the volunteers they need, but that the volunteers themselves feel that they get as much out of the experience as the children they try to help.

The larger government programs are directed at training the school dropouts. The Student Education Corps attacks the same problem earlier. ". . . The ultimate aim of the corps is to help prevent premature dropouts by showing these children that education is the key to a better life, by providing needed inspiration and motivation to continue with their schooling."

This is not an isolated experiment. Similar activities are going on in other universities. Pomona College in California is another lively center. Gov. Terry Sanford of North Carolina is working with William Friday, president of the University of North Carolina, on a corps of volunteers to help the underprivileged, and Yale produced the Northern Student Movement that is now active on many campuses not only in the field of education but of political action.

For example, over 1000 students from various colleges and universities, most of them affiliated with the Northern Student Movement, will be going to Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana this summer to live in Negro homes and help the Negroes register for the November elections.

The Commission of Religion and Race of the National Council of Churches will run a training school for these volunteers at Berea College in Kentucky as soon as school is out in June.

Most of this activity, however, seems to start with a few young men and women unorganized by anybody else. For example, David H. Gunning, president of the executive board of student government at Cornell University, has advised the Justice Department that a group of students in Ithaca have collected $1000 to finance a Cornell student team that will help with voter registration in Fayette County, Tenn., this summer.

Not so many years ago the poor "socio-economically disadvantaged" professors in the sociology departments were complaining about the postwar "beat generation" in America. A rotten crowd, they said, always dropping out of some school and into some bed: uninterested, uncommitted to anything but money, booze, and sex.

Unlike his contemporaries in other countries, who were knocking over governments and leading the torrent of political change, the American student, it was said, wasn't engaged in anything and didn't care about anything.

Well, something is happening on the campus. In some ways these student leaders are ahead of the Government. And when the Congress finally gets around to backing a domestic Peace Corps and backing President Johnson's "war on poverty," quite a few young American men and women will already be in the field.

Big Fish

A Brazilian **dourado** fish, 34 inches long and weighing 25 pounds, is exhibited by Volunteer Samuel Taylor (Courtland, Miss.) on Sao Francisco River at Tres Marias Dam, where he is assigned as fisheries biologist.

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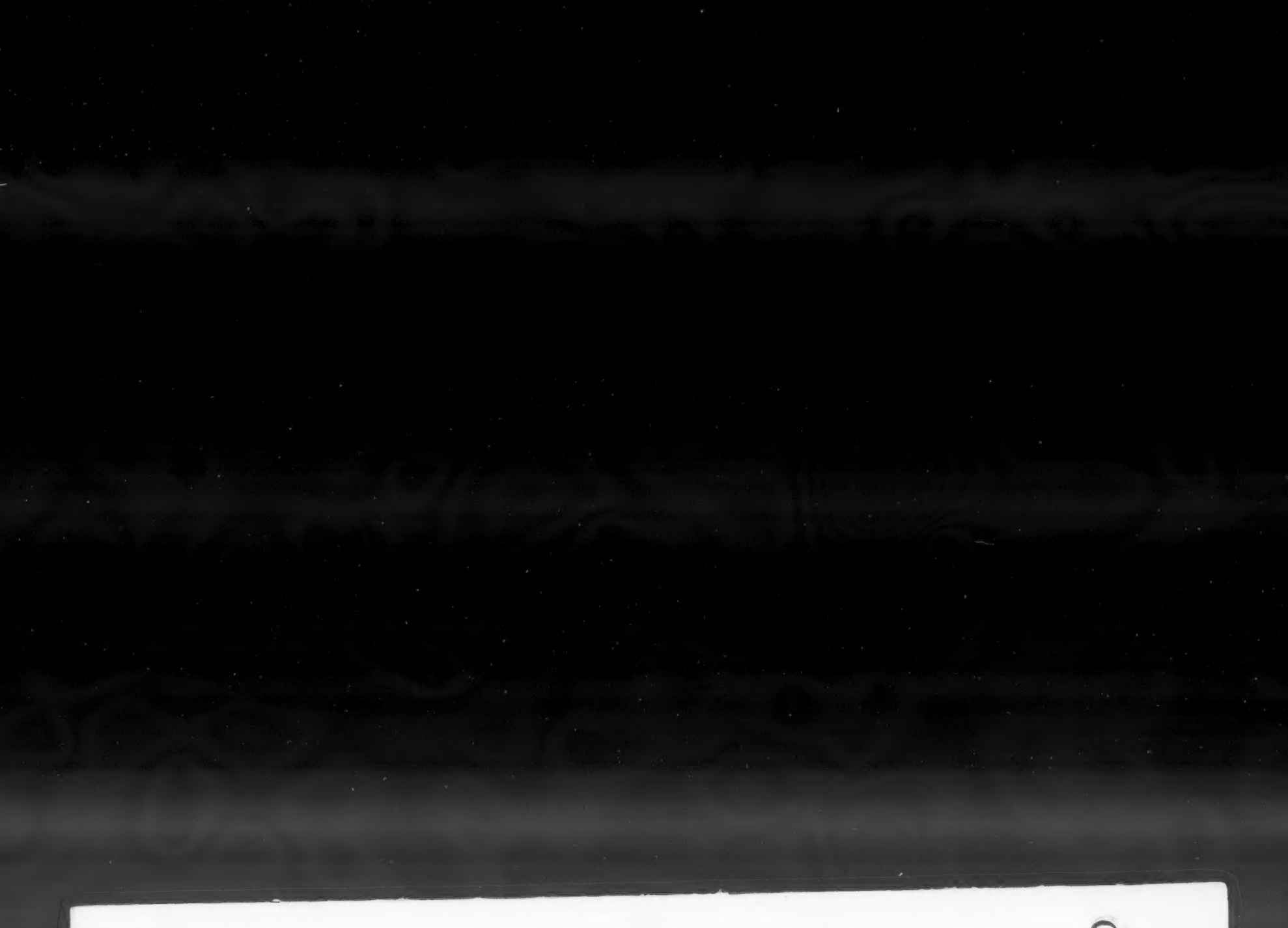
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